CHRISTMAS AND THE YEAR ROUND

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The Crane Classics

Christmas and The Year Round

By

DR. FRANK CRANE

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By Dr. Frank Crane

TO

PAUL SCOTT MOWRER

IN MEMORY OF MANY A FRUITFUL HOUR IN PARIS,
WHEN THE THEMES IN THIS BOOK WERE
DISCUSSED, AND THE UNIVERSE
GENERALLY REGULATED

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CHRISTMAS AND THE YEAR ROUND

CHRISTMAS MEANS THE INDESTRUCTIBILITY OF JOY

CHRISTMAS is the protest of the human race against gloom.

The one thing time nor force can suppress is instinct.

In days past religion tried to stamp out earthly gladness, play, fun, the joy of man and maid. As well one might endeavor to dam the waters of the Mississippi.

When we have clamped human nature down with our reasonings and revelations, along comes Instinct, and to use the words of Bennet, blandly remarks:

"Don't pester Me with Right and Wrong. I am Right and Wrong. I shall suit my own convenience, and no one but Nature (with a big, big N) shall talk to me!"

In the fourth century the Christian world was pretty dismal. This world was considered a dreadful place, to get away from as soon as possible. Consequently, the boys and girls were lured off into heathen sports, for the heathen alone raced and danced and frolicked.

Then the Church established the Christmas fes-

tival, which was one of her wisest strokes of policy.

In 342 A. D. the good Bishop Tiberius preached the first Christmas sermon, in Rome.

Into this opening poured the play instinct of the world.

The time of the winter solstice strangely enough had been the jovial period of the year everywhere. Then the Swedes of old used to light fires on the hills in honor of Mother Friga, goddess of Love. Then the Romans indulged in their Saturnalia, the one carnival of democracy and equality during the twelve months of tyranny and slavery. Then the Greeks lit torches upon Helicon in praise of Dionysius. In Egypt at this period the populace bore palms for the god Horus, in Persia they celebrated the birth of Mithras, and the Hindus in India sang their songs to Vishnu.

Many of these festivals had become very corrupt. Excess and license darkened the hour of national joy.

The wisest thing Christians ever did was to turn this feast day over to the child.

The child Jesus stands for the childhood of the world, perpetual, evergreen, inexhaustible.

It's a weary world to those who have lived wrong or too long, but to those who remain healthy in their tastes it's a wonderful world, full of undying youth, running with sap, recurrent with primal joy.

Christmas means the supreme fact about life, namely: that it is joyful.

In the opinion of many the greatest music ever composed is Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. As a climax for his orchestral composition the master chose a chorus to sing Schiller's "Hymn to Joy."

Christmas means that when this world and all its purposes and deeds are wound up, and the last men and women stand at the end of time and contemplate the complete story of humanity, they will not wail nor hang their heads, but they will shout and exult.

The truest, most everlasting element of mankind is play, accompanied with laughter.

ABOUT 400 WORDS

WHY 400 words?

It is not because of any fanciful reason, nor is it for no reason, but it is for a very good reason, well thought out, based on psychological law, and on a general knowledge of human nature, that these articles of mine are 400 words long.

Into the secret whereof I will let you, as it may divert you. Everybody likes to be told a secret, whether they have any business to know it or not. In fact, the less concern it is of theirs the more they like it.

Besides, you may learn something. People do not object to learning something, provided it was not intentional.

First, these articles are a certain kind of literature, if the critics will allow me just this once to call them so. They are didactic. They belong to the class of essays, review articles, lectures and sermons.

Now, if you will carefully analyze any sermon of your pastor, any speech of your senator, any article in the Forum or North American Review, or an essay in the Atlantic or elsewhere, you will

discover that it is composed of a number of parts. It is, as it were, a wall made up of a certain number of stones—possibly, like a quilt of our grandmother's, composed of "pieces" sewed together.

Parsons in olden times made no bones of this, and unashamedly announced their firstly, secondly, twenty-thirdly, finally and in conclusion. Nowadays writers and speakers conceal as best they may the joints of their work, but the joints are there notwithstanding.

The reason is simple. No idea is longer than 400 words. If it exceeds that length it is two or more ideas. (N.B. Can't prove it.)

The articles, one of which you are now perusing, are or aim to be single ideas, one thing at a time, not a series of related thoughts; in short, not a brick wall but a brick, not a house but a board.

For have you not noticed that of any essay you read you retain usually but one point, if any? And of any lecture it is some one or two ideas you carry away?

The mind is not constituted to grasp a whole chain of reasoning. You may get the conclusion, but without study you cannot retain the entire argument. And, as I said, as a rule it is neither the conclusion nor the argument that sticks to your memory, but one or two of the "bricks."

Four hundred words, therefore, make the best length for a writing of this kind.

(My private opinion is that 200 words would be better, but the editor doesn't think so.)

In this length you get, in each instance, some one clear idea.

Furthermore, the purpose of all this kind of literature is or ought to be suggestion, not argument and proof.

Nobody wants to argue (except a few choice spirits who are expert dodgers and twisters), but everybody can take a hint, and all sensible people like a suggestion.

To my mind the Parables of Jesus and the Essays of Bacon are the greatest masterpieces of teaching. And their brevity commends them, and gives me my model.

Emerson, Macaulay, Carlyle, De Quincey, and Elia would have done well (am I profane to say it?) to have broken each essay edifice into essay bricks.

People like to build their own walls. But they are thankful for bricks.

THE WIFE

A WIFE is a peculiar institution.

She is not a sweetheart, she is not a mistress, she is not a waitress, she is not a friend, she is not a partner, she is not a housekeeper, she is not a helpmeet, she is not a manager. She is just a wife.

She may partake of the nature of one or more of the above mentioned personages; but she is something else.

A man marries a sweetheart. As soon as the ceremony is over he makes a discovery that is sometimes shattering, and that is that the relation of the woman to him has suddenly and radically changed.

This is a good thing. A sweetheart would wear on you: a wife grows on you.

It takes some years to appreciate a wife. Gilbert Chesterton points out "the law of the second wind." By this he means that in all things of permanent usefulness and pleasure there is a period of weariness or repulsion that has to be overcome before we come into its perfect enjoyment, just as a man runs better when he gets his second wind.

This law applies to learning a foreign language, to reading classics, to appreciating good art, to becoming an athlete, and to every other attainment that is of any account.

It consequently applies to marriage, which is the matter of most account in the world.

It takes patience, and practice, and self-control, and will power to get the good out of marriage, precisely as one learns to play the piano so as to derive any pleasure from it.

The wife is an individual. She has her own personality. Her views, tastes, notions, and habits are not ours.

If the two people will set themselves conscientiously to become adjusted, time and love will grow a beautiful marriage.

The one thing needful is loyalty.

Determined, dog-like loyalty will eventually heal nine marriage troubles out of ten.

Be loyal through thick and thin, "in sickness and in health, for better or for worse," and you will find out some things.

You will learn that a wife has more treasures in her hands than any other creature.

She has love, and a kind of love that is a hundred times better than any affinity or other temporary woman friend: the kind of love that soaks through your body, brain, and soul, and becomes a part of you.

She has power. There is more instigating dynamic in her little finger than in a whole council

of friends, a whole library of books, and a whole bench of bishops.

She has religion. Not precisely the church brand, perhaps; but just to live with an honest woman is not a bad sort of religion. You find yourself quietly moved away from a whole world of low and unworthy motives and meditations.

She has beauty. No matter how her face appears, a good woman, if you live in loyal intimacy with her, reveals to you the essential beauty of womanhood.

Most divorces are caused by moral lesion.

The surest sign of one's character going to pieces is a restiveness of the emotions.

Say what you please of new charms, of peachy cheeks and luring eyes, of soul mates and novel darlings, the only love that makes a man a man, the only love that is fine and high and Godlike, is the love that you stick to.

The thing most pregnant with nobleness of mind and real greatness of character in this world is—loyalty.

The halo is never over the clasped hands of man and woman unless there be in their hearts the pledge and solemn purpose—"till death do us part."

THE ART OF QUIETNESS

CULTIVATE quietness.

All noise is waste. All real power is silent.

The most powerful thing in the range of human observation is the sun. He rises every morning in quiet dawn and goes down every evening in soundless sunset. He lifts billions of tons of water daily from the ocean, creates the wind currents that carry it over to descend in rain upon the land. He juggles Jupiter and Venus, Saturn and Tellus and the other planets, as the showman tosses oranges. And we never hear from him a whisper.

Go into a cotton factory. In the top story are the rattling looms; great noise and little power, for you can stop a flying shuttle with your finger. As you descend the successive stories of the building you find power in an inverse ratio to noise, until at last, in the basement, you come to the huge engine thrusting to and fro its giant arm of steel in swift silence, and if you should get in its road it would crush you as an eggshell.

All noise is waste. If you could bottle the hissing steam of the locomotive or cage the rattle of

the trolley car you would have that much more energy.

All noise is waste. So cultivate quietness; in your speech, in your manner, in your thought, in your emotions.

Speak habitually low. Wait for silence and attention, and then your low words will be charged with dynamic.

Speak modestly. Get the reputation for understating things, and what you say will have double force; but be a known exaggerator and you will make no impression.

Let your manner be quiet. Dress unobtrusively. Enter a room unobtrusively. Avoid all desire to attract attention.

Modesty is not weak. It is strong. It is the hammer of the soul.

Encourage quiet thoughts. Nothing shrieks if it be true. Truth is eternal, and eternal things are low-keyed.

Imitate God, who is the most silent of all beings. He hides in nature. He lurks in the secret places of the heart. He moves hidden behind history.

Teach quietness to your emotions. Great love is not best spelled by violent bursts of passion, but by daily radiance, by

> "The little, nameless, unremembered acts
> Of kindness and of love,
> That best portion of a good man's life."

Often go out and watch the night sky and let its silence sink into your soul.

Study great men and great women and notice their reserve and poise.

Read great books and observe their calm potence.

Be still and be great.

LIFE AN ADVENTURE

We are always wanting to know the answer. And there isn't any answer.

We hasten through the novel to see how it all comes out. Life doesn't come out. It just goes on.

After the dramatic climax on the stage the curtain falls. In life the curtain doesn't fall. After the climax we have to go on living.

When you tell your little child a story, and have got hero and heroine properly married, and the villain stabbed and thrown over the cliff, the child asks, "And then what did they do? Go on!" But the story is finished. Life never finishes. It is eternally "to be continued in our next."

Problems in arithmetic have their solutions over in the back of the book. In life there are no solutions.

The fact is, life is a huge experiment, a continuous trying, and when we die we realize that we never quite got it right. The reason for this is that life is an art, as Edward Howard Griggs says, and not a science.

Science is exact, art is indefinite.

Science can be taught, art is learned only by practice.

Therefore art comes nearest to expressing life. Painting, sculpture, and poetry are truer than mathematics.

It has been said, "Art is long and life is short." It is a mistake. Life is as long as art. For life is the greatest of all arts.

How often we "wonder how it is all going to turn out." Cheer up! You will never know.

When the event has come you looked for or dreaded you will find yourself with just as great a problem on your hands as before.

Life is symbolized rightly by Omar Khayyam:

> There was a Door to which I found no Key;
> There was a Veil past which I could not see.

Poets have been inclined to mourn over this condition of things. But the situation is cheerful, and not discouraging.

For the uncertainty, the puzzle and riddle of life, gives it zest. They make of it a great game.

It is the element we call luck that is necessary to a game of cards or dice, of baseball or foot racing. If it were possible to know precisely how to win it would be a "sure thing," and all the fascinating element of sport would be gone.

So the uncertain factors of success, the entrance of accidents, the intrusion of the unforeseen, make life itself worth living. It is these things that keep us alert and keyed up.

To-morrow, to all of us, is an unknown sea.

The lookout must never leave the prow as we sweep on into strange waters. The captain must be on the bridge. At any time we may hear the roar of breakers ahead.

And then, any morning, we may awake to discover America.

Let us cheer one another with hopeful shouts—"Good luck!" and "Godspeed!" and let us sing songs as we plunge forward in the sea of destiny engaged upon the great Adventure called Life.

THE MAN WHO KEEPS HIS WORD

THERE are all sorts of men who have been praised for all sorts of things. But I give first place, first prize, and the blue ribbon, also honorable mention, the gold medal, and the Victoria cross, together with the Nobel prize and three cheers, to the man who keeps his word.

My favorite character in fiction is the Count of Monte Cristo, who when he said that he would arrive at 12 o'clock, opened the door and walked in while the clock was on the sixth stroke of 12.

When a certain boodler, grafter, and otherwise thoroughly naughty and disreputable gentleman had been pounded black and blue by the newspapers, and all the good people had shrieked themselves hoarse crying out for his gore, it was said of him, and no one denied it, that whatever crimes he had committed, he at least always kept his word, I couldn't help it, my heart warmed to him.

I think I should rather associate with a burglar who keeps his word than with a college president who executes a neat side-step when you look to him to do what he said he would do.

There are all sorts of enemies to society, but

no one of them comes nearer ham-stringing the entire body politic than the liar.

It is well to teach your little boy to wash his face and hands, not to use intoxicating liquors, and to be polite to ladies; also to learn his lessons, but there is nothing you can teach him that will have more to do with making a real man of him than to grind it daily into his mind and soul that he is to keep his word if it takes a leg.

The man who keeps his word is like a great tree in a sandy plain; when you meet him you have peace and rest; you take a long breath; your faith in mankind rises several degrees; whatever his church is you want to belong to it.

There are many troublesome things on earth; there are snakes who may poison you, dogs who may bite you, women who may betray you, ditches into which you may fall, thorns to stick you, microbes to infest you, and skittish horses to run away with you, but of all dangerous, uncomfortable objects here below the one that gives you the creeps the worst way is the man who may keep his word and may not.

The man who keeps his word rises above all race and prejudice; for a Chinese, Japanese, Fiji, negro, or wild Indian who does simply what he says he will do is better than a white man with a million dollars, a university education, and four kinds of artistic and literary gifts, and who lies.

The one genuine aristocracy is composed of those people who keep their word. The king who

promises and fails to perform, the bishop who promises and evades, the banker who promises and presents excuses instead of fulfilment, the president who promises and forgets, are all plain ordinary scrubs; while the servant girl or ditch digger who comes around at the minute agreed upon and makes good—of such is the kingdom of heaven.

Keeping your word is not a matter of the letter, but of the spirit. It is not always possible to do the thing promised. But a man that has the spirit of the matter in him, will hasten to notify if he sees he cannot perform, and if even that is impossible he will apologize, reimburse, and show regret just as soon afterward as ever he can.

But when he shows he does not care, when he leaves his pledge unredeemed and gaily whistles, when he gives obligations lightly, and strews his word about as a thing of no value, then it is that you are tempted to believe that jails and penitentiaries should rather be for those who do not do things than for those who do things, and that the hard working highway robber is not such a bad person after all.

IMAGINATION

We are apt to consider imagination as a mere ornamental faculty, a frill to the solider powers of the mind. It is even regarded sometimes as a kind of mental defect which causes the victim to see confusing hues around the edges of facts: and those whose eyes, like achromatic lenses, see everything clean cut are supposed to be superior people.

The mother complains of her dreamy boy. Children are reproved for the fictional exaggerations they throw around the plain telling of any occurrence, and are lectured upon the danger of "lying." The little girl who plays with real fairies and talks constantly to an imaginary companion, and the grown person who "sees things," are thought to be somehow deficient.

The truth is, the imagination is the most useful of our gifts. It is more fruitful in producing efficiency and happiness than either a good memory or sound reason. It ought to be carefully cultivated, as a flower of paradise, and not attacked as a noxious weed.

The most efficient faculty is the creative faculty;

and this is the imagination. It takes imagination to be a great merchant. System, shrewdness, and economy make an ordinary success, but the power to see the unseen needs to be added to produce a Marshall Field.

Those scientists who are discoverers, who go before the solid phalanx of the learned and find out new laws in nature, have as much imagination as poets. In reading the lives of Kepler, Laplace, Newton, Galileo, Flammarion, and Metchnikoff we are struck by their exuberant vision.

It takes imagination to be an inventor, an Edison, Marconi, Howe, or Westinghouse. These men would never have done what they did by sheer reasoning.

And of course it takes imagination to be a great novelist, poet, musician, painter, or sculptor.

But most of all it requires imagination to live a great life. Imagination is a most vital element in forming character. One cannot be good without it.

The word good is used with two meanings; one is that the person does nothing improper, obeys rules, is of regular life, and well behaved; this is a lower form of goodness. The other implies that a person is actively good, attacks evil conditions, energetically radiates good cheer, and is positively occupied in making people happier; this is the higher form of goodness, and is impossible without a strong imagination.

One can observe a code of moral rules and

be dull; one cannot carry out the principles of Jesus without imagination.

You cannot "put yourself in his place" unless you can fancy vividly what his place is.

Kindness is mainly the ability to make real to yourself the feelings of others.

Mercy and pity cannot exist in a heart that cannot realize another's situation.

Charity, "the greatest of these," tolerance of another's views, the bearing with another's weakness, and patience with another's eccentricities all demand a lively imagination, the faculty of making clear to yourself another's case.

Religion, at least on its warmer, human side, where it softens men's hearts one toward another, relieves suffering and preaches "peace and good will toward men," is of imagination all compact. This does not mean that God, the angels and heaven are not realities, but that the soul that cannot "see" such things is never religious.

And the beauty of life, how much it is due to our ability to fancy! Shear from us our dreams, leave us only facts and figures, beef and bricks and beer, and it is as if you would have apples without spring's divine apple blossoms, cherries without the bee-thronged blooms, the laboring sun without his opal dawns and fire-shot twilights, nights without the stars, the nation without the flag, birth without love, life without mystery, and death without hope beyond.

Without imagination the very world would be

without its Father; men could never again sing Schiller's Hymn to Joy:

"Patience, Millions, as ye plod
Painfully toward the Day!
There above the starry way
Reigns the great disposing God!"

DEMOCRACY

Democracy is not altogether a good word. It has been so used that it has come to connote too many things. Like the word Christianity it has been loaded down with extraneous matter.

But, if we strip it of all its accretions and get back to its original meaning, the rule of the people, we shall find it to be by far the biggest word in the dictionary.

Democracy! It has more electric energy in it than any other word.

It is the masterword of the twentieth century.

It is Christianity—disinfected.

Out of the muck of the Dark Ages, the mold and mildew of heathenism, the storms of theological controversy, the narrow contention of sects, the welter of universal ignorance and superstition, the cruelty of kings, and the madness of fanaticism, there is unfolding at last this bloom, the flower of the world, the rose of the human race —democracy.

Democracy is not a scheme nor a party. It is not a system of choosing rulers, nor the substitution of the hustings for heredity.

It is a Spirit. It is the dawn of conscious worth

in the common man. It is The People realizing their divinity.

There was nothing the Pilgrim Fathers left us, as Lowell says, of more value than the New England Town Meeting.

Democracy is a thing to be felt, like God. You can prove one no more than the other. Neither can be explained. Both are great, life-living, germ-ripening sun-ideas that dawn upon the mind.

Democracy appeals to a sort of sixth sense, a nerve now beginning to function, but long atrophied in man. It is the humanity nerve, it is the evolution of the social conscience.

When a man realizes democracy it is like the phenomenon of "getting religion."

The end of evolution seems to be the development of this humanity nerve, making it quick, strong, and dependable.

Only a highly perfect culture of this nerve will cure the sempiternal boils of Privilege, that from time to time have broken out upon the body politic as monarchy, aristocracy, and plutocracy.

Do you realize what democracy is going to do to us, when carried to its logical conclusions?

It is going to knock out Privilege in the field of art. The noblest music, sculpture, painting and architecture will come where the genius serves humanity and not a money-king.

It is going to remove all noble and imperial loafers from the backs of the people.

It is going to start all human beings in life

with equal opportunity. It will not make all men equal, but it will give all babies a fair chance.

It is going to arrange society so every willing hand and brain can find work and wages.

It is going to abolish the slums.

It is going to make every city beautiful, in the poor quarters as well as the rich.

It is going to give every child a right to play and be happy.

It is going to strike the last shackles off the woman's soul.

It is going to revolutionize our systems of education, so that all children shall be equipped to live, and not merely be trained for some "station in life."

It is going to reach up even to heaven and remove the czar and sultan ideas that evil ages of monarchy have fastened upon the Almighty and reveal Him to us as the Father.

The sound of the Future is the roar of the many. The seer of old heard it, "as the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of many thunderings, saying, Alleluia!"

THE CRITIC

NOTHING is done so abundantly and so poorly as the business of criticism.

No column in the daily newspaper is so disappointing, and might be so helpful, as that of the musical, dramatic, literary or art critic.

The reason of this is that most writers are obsessed by the common and false notion of criticism that it consists in finding fault one way or another.

It is indeed a part of true criticism to detect flaws, but it is by far the cheapest and easiest part. Any tyro can do it. To be sure, condemnation always lends us a superior air, but it is entirely thin and fictitious.

That which requires skill, tact, culture and brains is to praise intelligently.

And do the able critics ever reflect upon the query, what is it the public wants? Speaking as one of the gray masses of the unexpert, I may be allowed to say that what we want, in the review of any artistic work, is that we shall be told what to admire and why we should admire it.

We hoi polloi, who pay our pennies for the papers, do not so much care to know the defects

in the pictures exhibited in the galleries as to discover, by the aid of the critic's superior training and experience, the elements of real beauty, those points in drawing, texture, color and feeling which our lay ability is likely to overlook. For it is such things that please us; and we go to art collections, as elsewhere, mainly to be pleased.

The same is true of theatrical performances, of the opera, of the concert. Why not guide our enthusiasm? Why feed and develop our powers of dissatisfaction? We are dissatisfied enough as it is.

Almost every kind of art work has some one that loves it. Only such a one ought to be charged with the duty of criticism. For love alone can see. Icy superiority is not only distinctly disagreeable, it is blind.

When we turn to the masters of criticism we find in them this charm of enthusiasm. When Matthew Arnold criticizes Baruch Spinoza, when Thomas Carlyle dissects for us Frederick the Great or Oliver Cromwell, and when John Ruskin writes of Turner or Giotto or Botticelli, these writings become classics, chiefly because they throb with generous appreciation; while De Quincey's vicious analysis of the character of Napoleon justly sinks into the oblivion of library back shelves.

False notes, bad art and tawdry theatrical sentiment must of course occasionally be drubbed by

the critic-police who guard the avenues of public taste. But what the humble crowd needs is to know what is worthy of love and wonder. And warmly appreciative criticisms not only delight the artist but cheer the ignobile vulgus.

It is with critics as with preachers. A good healthy sermon upon the duty of doubt and the disbelief in humbugs, an occasional atrabilious scoring of frauds, is well enough; but what the regular congregation wants as a rule is to be shown the truth and beauty of this world and how to love and worship.

It will do no harm for all critics, high and low, to lay to heart Matthew Arnold's definition of criticism:

"A disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world."

Mark! the best: show us where it is, and how to love it!

U S

On the wall, over the desk of a prominent business man, in his private office, I saw one day a large white card, on which was printed in red ink the two letters:

U S

"You seem to be patriotic," I said, indicating the card.

"Yes?" he replied. Then he continued, "That may stand for the United States or for Uncle Sam, but here it means something else."

"It means?"

"Universal Spirit."

"Queer thing for a business office!"

"Yes, but why not?"

"I did not know you were a religious man."

"I'm not precisely what is usually meant by that term. I'm a good Episcopalian, as far as that is concerned, and pay my pew rent, but not what you would call pious.

"But," he went on, musingly, "I had that sign made and hung up there because it brings to my mind the biggest thought in the world.

"There is somebody or other who is running this whole universe, sitting in the private office of the universe, and having the last word about everything, shaping the policy of all creation, just as I manage my concern.

"I am his clerk. I get my day's wages. What he says goes. I can't cheat him, dodge him, or beat him.

"Sometimes I get foolish and tend to forget that. Then I look up at that card."

I asked, "But why don't you say God?"

"I might as well, I suppose; only the word God implies too much. It's all grown over with barnacles of heathenism and superstition and bigotry.

"Because U S has a flavor of the United States it seems modern. And I like to think of the Universal Spirit as a modern, present, live, actual being."

"What good does it do you to have this card here?" I inquired.

"It reminds me of obligations no one else sees.

"It reminds me that I am a human being, just as all my employees are, and keeps me from treating labor as a lifeless commodity, as coal or iron.

"It reminds me that my profits are not mine; they're His; I only have the use of them, and some day I will have to show my books.

"It reminds me to live simply. He will stand no padded expense account from me, even as I

will not allow such a thing from one of my travelling salesmen.

"It reminds me of the very thing that makes modern business possible—the conscientious human factor.

"An employee that does not feel the U S in his life is of no value. I want men I can trust, who can be honest in the dark.

"The other day I called a young fellow in here and told him what that card stands for. Then I set him down in front of it and told him to look at it for an hour, and to think.

"He had been getting a little frisky. I just left him alone with that card awhile. When I came back to the room there were tears in his eyes. That U S thought had smashed into him.

"I never said a word to him. I hate preaching. But that hour struck in. It changed him.

"I tell you that U S thought rolls in every man's heart like the boom of the ocean, as Victor Hugo says.

"When a man accustoms himself to listen to it he slowly gets in line with the big, deep truths of life."

THE MOST VITAL QUESTION

HUMANITY is a queer thing. And one of the queerest things it does, is to be very solemn, serious and earnest about subjects that make no matter, such as the price of beef, or who will be elected governor, while it is very negligent, tittering and trivial about the greatest affair in which human creatures possibly can be engaged, that of a man and woman loving each other.

Trifling matters such as the tariff, we discuss ponderously in legislatures and cabinets: ponderous matters, such as courtship, we discuss triflingly, in cafés and between the acts at the theatre.

If you were to ask the next ten persons you meet, "What is the most important question now before the American people?" nine of them would probably say Conservation or Prohibition or the Trusts, or some such thing.

But these are not great questions. They make little difference after all to you and your wife and your son John and his wife and the baby. They do not "come home to men's business and bosoms."

The real gigantic question, that makes or mars us, is, "What are you going to do about love?"

Those other questions peep out of the attic windows of the mind. This sits at the hearthstone of the heart.

And did you ever reflect that there is no textbook of love, no school for love, no rules to learn nor exercises to practise, to fit one in this mightiest of arts?

All the available sources of information consist in cheap quack books full of worse than drivel.

The newspapers print double-leaded editorials on the election of somebody to the presidency, and somewhere on the back page, along with the want ads, is a little space, with fine print, devoted to a discussion of the life and death subjects of love.

Just because the affair is emotional is no reason why it should not be studied scientifically, which means with regard simply to truth and facts and laws.

Psychology is young yet, the youngest of the sciences: but we expect great things from it when it grows up. From it alone can come real, reliable information about the laws of sex attraction, and sensible instruction how to kindle, tend, and keep alive the divinest of fires.

REJECTION AND EFFICIENCY

THE principle of efficiency is rejection.

The only way to get things done is by refusal to do other things.

A person is rich by what he does not spend, wise by what he does not know, a good workman is best tested by the work he never tries, and is kept alive by the things he does not eat. This, as Artemus Ward would have said, is "a goak," but truth lurks at the bottom of it just the same.

Take the matter of reading. There are books without end. Parti-colored magazines deck the newsstand until it looks like a stained glass window. And then there are the daily newspapers, each copy an encyclopedia of news, story, romance, essay, theatre, society, sport, finance, and politics.

Newspapers are so cheap the reader no longer pays for them. The cent you give hardly covers the cost of the white paper. The advertiser pays. Soap, Ham, Underwear & Co. supply us with our literature. Our minds are no longer like chickens picking, but like chickens caged, with their food crammed into their crops.

In the midst of this plenty a mind devoid of rejection is likely to starve.

We should not complain of the size of our morning or evening news sheet. For a newspaper is not for anybody; it is for everybody. When you go to a drug store you do not demand to drink everything in the bottles on the shelves. All you want is a nickel's worth of paregoric, and when you get it you go away. The spiritus frumenti and hydrargium cum creta don't wory you. So when you read your paper the main thing is to skip. Some department is for you. Find that.

Personally, I confess that I never read the financial columns because I have no money, nor the society columns because they bore me, nor the want advertisements because I do not want to buy anything, nor scandals because I do not like them, nor market reports because I do not understand them, nor political speeches because I do understand them. And I read any or all of them when they look interesting.

Most of us read too much. We read at the breakfast table, read on the car, read at lunch, and read in bed. I even knew one woman who said she took her novel with her to read in the bathtub.

It is well to browse occasionally in literature, without rule or aim, for so we sometimes find the rarest treasures. But to do nothing but browse is to grow monstrous lean. Our serious reading should be concentrated upon a few meaty books, and one well edited paper.

But the subject overflows reading. Every tangi-

ble, cubic deed a man does, implies the rejection of a hundred reasons why he should not have done it. Every fact upsets a carload of theories. Everything that is, is a sheer triumph over causes, forces, and arguments why it should not be.

Concentrate, eliminate, get away with the waste. Health consists in keeping the digestive tract free from obstipating matter; office efficiency means having a clean desk, and mental force lies in discriminating between essentials and rubbish.

The matter with heathenism was not lack of belief. The heathen believed too much. His gods grew on every bush. The victory of monotheism lay in its ejection of the worship of so many things not worthy of worship. Whoever your God is, He does not count much in your life until you have rejected all other gods.

THE OLD-FASHIONED INFIDEL

WHAT has become of the old-fashioned infidel?

Where are they now, who are worthy to wear the mantle of Voltaire, of Tom Paine, of Buechner, and of Ingersoll?

The nearest we can come nowadays to this model is such as Elbert Hubbard or Bernard Shaw; and these are so full of cheerful, constructive ideas that they find but little time to thwack religion. They certainly are mild, compared to the red and yellow idol-smashers of a former day.

With the passing of Robert Ingersoll infidelity seems to have lost its lurid picturesqueness.

Now, this is what has become of the old-time infidel. He has disappeared along with the man that made him, to wit: the old-time dogmatist.

Rampant infidelity is the shadow cast by rampant dogmatism.

Action is equal to reaction. Hit me and I'll hit you, or want to; and a soft answer turneth away wrath, said a wise man.

Where the school teacher is a martinet, there you will find the cantankerous boy, who loves to

shock the teacher, and enjoys trouncings. When the master is kind and helpful and human, where is the fun in being a bad boy?

Put a husband under the constant strain of jealousy and suspicion, and he must have a strong character to resist the temptation to deceive. Trust a man and deceit loses its amusing quality. As a rule, of course.

There be some who lament the downfall of authority in the church. In the good old days heretics had to toe the mark. In Puritan times the parson's word was law in the New England village. Now, all that the poor clergy can do is to "reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and kindness." Their claws have been trimmed. They have been stripped down to whatever personal, spiritual influence they may possess.

In other words the cardinal principle of Americanism, religious toleration, has borne fruit. And the fruit is that the whole world of "outsiders," the secular and non-religious world, are vying with the orthodox in trying to save mankind.

The magazines are full of moral purpose, the schools are taking up moral instruction, the scientific psychologist is trying his hand at stopping evil, the bacteriologist is working to save the race, and the daily newspapers are preaching righteousness.

The underlying truth of the whole phenomena is that the curse of religion is monarchy and the

monarchic idea, the notion that force aids truth, that men are to be kept good or orderly by some superior, wiser class. Get to the secret of almost any social tangle and you will find it to be one form or another of the superior class obsession.

What truth needs, and what religion needs—that is, that part of religion that is true, is to be democratized. Let truth alone. Remove the clamps. Take away the guards. Stop trying to steady the ark. Realize the littleness of your notions of expediency. And you will see how truth is abundantly able to take care of itself and us to boot.

Abraham Lincoln saw this. When a delegation of preachers said to him that they would pray the Lord might be on his side, he answered that he thought it much more important that he be on the Lord's side.

With the removal of dogmatism and all forms of force, the enemies to religion are removed. For real religion never did have any real enemies.

The common people have always heard preaching gladly. The only foes Jesus had were the Pharisees. Demos and Jesus have always been secretly friendly. It is the Privileged Class, in deed and in thought, that has ever been hostile to the Nazarene.

POPULARITY AND ABILITY

THERE are two kinds of able men: some men are able to get elected to office, and others are able to discharge worthily the duties of the office. The trouble is that the two kinds of ability rarely go together.

The weak spot in democracy is its overemphasis of the value of popularity. The power to get one's self liked has its place, but does not rank very high in the service of the state.

I have known preachers who were successful merely because of this asset. In fact, I have now to my mind's eye a man, a good man, who has just been elected bishop of somewhere or other who never as a pastor had any of the qualifications of a spiritual leader, who had no message except at second hand, who had not even intellectual leadership, but he had a great way of shaking hands; when he met you he gave you the impression that he had thought about no one but you for a month, though you had never occurred to him, and he would cross the street in the mud to greet a parishioner and ask about the baby. Still he was a good man. John Ruskin says that a clergyman is the only workman in

whom any incompetency is excused by saying that he is a good man.

I know another minister, able, devout, inspiring, conscientious, and truthful, who was a natural recluse, diffident and embarrassed in company, and who had never been within miles of the Blarney Stone. He lost one holding after another, and is now out of a pastorate.

Instances where the most capable man in the state is chosen senator are rare. We send to the legislature or city council the "good fellows" instead of the good officials.

Perhaps it will be so till the end of time. It is a queer quirk in human nature, yet a natural one. We all like to be flattered. A little attention goes a long way with us. And it is so easy to imagine that the person who can increase our self-respect is a remarkable being.

Even in marriage it sometimes seems as if the girls who can most easily catch husbands make the poorest wives, and that the women really gifted in wifehood and motherhood are passed by. Likewise the lady-killing men who can pick and choose what wife they fancy are the least qualified to make a woman happy. As a rule it is only when men and women are so old it is too late that they are competent to judge sound wife or husband timber.

It is rather difficult to point any moral to this. It is one of those jagged facts we must adjust ourselves to. But at least we can learn this:

that we should seriously try to prevent any one's effect upon us from influencing our judgment of his ability or worth.

Because a man does not like me is no sign he is bad. Because he offends me is no proof he cannot do his work well. And because a candidate smiles on me is no evidence he ought to be mayor.

Yet how few of us can come to this height of judicial honesty! I for one cannot. It is well nigh impossible for me to keep from thinking a man is great, or a woman is attractive, when he shows me he considers me a superior person, and when she gives me to understand, in woman's way, that she considers me rather interesting.

PROFESSIONALISM

As a rule I appreciate slang as being language in the making. It is forceful and vital, as crude things are apt to be. But there is one word now in vogue among the slang users to which I seriously object. It is the word "classy."

To call a hat or a tie or a young lady classy implies that the object in question is excellent because it has class distinction.

The one thing beautiful in our steaming, boiling, slap-dash democracy is that it is fatal to classes.

This is why professionalism of any sort jars upon us.

You may like some preachers, for some are almost human and really charming, but the clergyman who dresses, talks and walks with the obvious consciousness of his class upon him, who oozes ecclesiasticism, is rather trying.

You like sport once in a while, doubtless; to go to the ball game or chess match; but it is unpleasant to be called a sport, when the term implies that you are of a certain class that wears fat diamonds and chocolate colored cuffs.

The theatre is amusing, occasionally instructive,

but you do not want to be known as a "professional theatregoer"; and what can be more appalling than the boy of a certain age, who knows the names of all the actresses, collects their pictures, and reeks of greenroom gossip? Nothing; except a girl who does likewise.

Business men are pleasant enough when they are not too successful, but how do you like to be caught in a corner in a restaurant at lunch time between two cloak dealers who whip-saw you for an hour with shop talk?

Therefore let us not talk business. If we have a few moments to spare, come, let us regulate the universe.

Don't try to rouse me to the glories of my little sect. Don't, between friends, glorify the party. Don't appeal to family pride. The human soul is too big to belong to anything except occasionally, for certain temporary ends; all things belong to it.

The only really interesting thing is a human being. Whether he wears a uniform or not makes no matter. There's an organ grinder who performs under my window with whom I have conversed and who is vastly more interesting to me than the fat, bald and rich tailor who is the grand high worshipful of the lodge, and who hasn't entertained a new idea since 1883.

I pine to be a member of the Concatenated Order of Mankind.

I like to labor, but I detest being called a labor-

ing man. I work for a living, fat work, too, and slim living, but I am no "working man." I have a few dollars in the bank, but I deny that I am a "capitalist"; I lack the fishy eye. I like to meet the boys around the festal board and swap stories and sing songs, and I enjoy an automobile ride and a good show, but heaven deliver me from being a professional "good fellow." I try to be religious, but if you knew my church you would immediately know forty things about me that are not so. I loathe labels, classes and soul-smothering conventions, but equally loathe the idea of being classed among the unconventional. "Bohemians" as a rule are they that love to classify themselves as unclassifiable, which perhaps is worse than any other kind of class.

Why cannot a body be just a plain Man, or Woman, a Human Being? Is it necessary to reduce me to number 23, shelf A, pigeon-hole 7?

They do that sort of thing in penitentaries.

FUNCTION AND FACULTY

FUNCTION precedes faculty.

That is to say, the doing of a thing comes before the ability to do the thing.

This is a pretty well established law in science. Animals did not first grow eyes and then see with them, but the order of evolution is precisely opposite, and strange as it may seem it is nearer the truth to say that the development of the eye in animal organisms is the result of seeing.

So also from the efforts of certain sensitized spots to perceive another kind of vibrations there came into existence the ear.

Hence in the history of evolution struggle goes before strength, effort is the parent of power, and every one of our faculties is but the reward of countless ages of striving.

The law of Nature, as well as of Scripture, is: "To him that hath shall be given."

And as all the world is one fabric, and matter and spirit are but warp and woof in the web of time, so the same law runs through the minds and the morals of men, through government and

society. In all these realms also it is only by doing that one becomes able to do.

The way to acquire the ability to speak in public is—to speak in public; and the same is true of playing the violin, painting pictures, selling goods, or writing stories.

We all admit this; we cannot help seeing it. But, curiously, when we approach larger affairs we become blind.

When it comes, for instance, to democracy and its problems we follow the logic of the maternal advice in the jingle.

> Mother, may I go out to swim?
> Yes, my darling daughter;
> Hang your clothes on a hickory limb—
> And don't go near the water!

In other words, we do not want the people to be entrusted with the business of self-government until they are fit to govern themselves. Such was the talk in high and mighty circles when we were confronted with the task of providing a government for the Filipinos and Porto Ricans.

Such has been forever the talk of certain statesmen in all crises. It is this sentiment that has devised those "checks" upon popular government that characterize all countries.

The theory is that people should first become wise and prudent; then they may safely govern themselves.

And it is this theory that is false, unscientific, specious, vicious, and always the friend of special privilege and graft.

The truth is that a people becomes fitted for self-government, becomes wise, prudent, and competent, only by actually governing itself.

The only school for democratic government is—democratic government. Precisely as the only way to learn how to swim is to jump into the water.

The one feeling that develops power and judgment is responsibility.

The greatest educator of bears and human creatures is danger.

The very thing a nation does not need is the strong arm, the wise leader, the man on horseback, Carlyle's king-man, or any such.

What the people need is uncomplicated, quick, simple methods of bringing each public question to their notice, and of saddling the responsibility of deciding such questions directly upon them.

It is the indirections of American government that have created the boss.

The only cure for the evils of democracy is more democracy.

Function precedes faculty. The more people are compelled to govern themselves the more they become competent to govern themselves.

SYSTEM AND COMFORT

LET us converse a while upon the theme of just being comfortable.

There are times of course to discuss the serious questions of duty and self-culture and other soul-saving and character-building issues; but for a minute or two let us speak peaceably one to the other upon the little every-day matter of feeling good.

Take, therefore, this small hint. System is the mother of comfort.

Perhaps you read that sentence too rapidly. So let's have it again, in a paragraph all to itself. And in capitals.

SYSTEM IS THE MOTHER OF COMFORT.

It is a psychological law that to do things the same way and at about the same recurring hour every day develops the minimum amount of brain fag. What you do by routine does itself.

The hardest thing in the world to do is to do as you please.

That is why the pleasure seekers, those who have nothing to do but to amuse themselves, are usually the most bored of people. Also it is why

letter-carriers and brick-masons and wage-earning folk generally are cheerful.

Take up your most intimate concerns and see how system smoothes out life.

In the business of getting out of bed in the morning, for instance, the performance is much pleasanter for those who rise regularly at 6 than it is for those who don't have to get up till they get ready; for the simple reason that one who rises at a stated hour every day never thinks about it at all, and the dawdler has to make up his mind every morning.

If you have a certain place for each article of clothing, and if each piece is put where it belongs when you undress, the process of dressing again becomes easy.

Of course one can carry neatness too far; one can carry anything too far; but that is no reason for not carrying it far enough.

The girl who drops everything where she happens to have finished with it and who consequently never can find her gloves, hatpins, shoes, handkerchief, and purse, is simply a fool; for she is wasting vital heat on something that need not have demanded any effort at all.

Just to form the habit of putting a thing in its own place when you are done with it would bring almost as much solid comfort as a million dollars to the average person.

It is not my work that kills. It is confusion.

The confusion breeds fret.

And fret is sand in the ball-bearings of the axle of the soul.

No one ever gets half the efficiency out of his life without order. You have no notion of your ability until you have learned system. You can study, work, play the piano, learn languages, become a skilled mechanic or an interesting writer, perhaps, by adopting routine. Certain it is that without routine you will never amount to anything in the world's work.

Plan your days. Plan the day. Let each day be a miniature life. Have your task as finished each night as you would have your life-task finished at death.

Then you can sleep. You will not be tossing on your pillow, worrying over the day's tangles, perhaps recalling those lines of Robert Louis Stevenson:

> I do my work with rough edges;
> Sunset always comes too soon.

Don't forget! it is not for highly moral reasons that system is here recommended, not to make ourselves sublime and all that, but—just to be comfortable.

IGNORANCE AS A FINE ART

INSTEAD of being always a calamity, ignorance is sometimes the source of power, of usefulness and happiness.

It is the one with will power enough to refuse to know certain things that can know accurately certain other things. No boy can be a student who cannot concentrate his mind on the book beforce him and shut the door of his attention to the conversation going on about him.

If the cook knows what is going on in the parlor, if she is aware of what her neighbors across the way are up to, and if she watches the parade in the street, she is a poor cook and will probably burn the roast.

This is the day of specialists. A specialist is one who does not know the vast areas of general practice. He advertises his ignorance. When one does that we believe he knows accurately his little island.

Private Mulvaney, according to Kipling, thus tells the story of the taking of Lungtungpen: " 'Tis the bhoys—the raw bhoys that don't know fwat a bullet manes, an' wudn't care if they did—

thet do the wurrk. Wud fifty seasoned sodgers have taken Lungtungpen in the dhark thet way? Na! They'd know the risk av fever an' chill, let alone the shootin'. But the three-year-olds know little an' care less; an' where there's no fear there's no danger."

Who shall say how many a hero has leaped to fame simply because he didn't have sense enough to get scared?

In the most intimate relations of life how valuable is ignorance! No one with sharp eyes can get along with children. The wise mother knows when to turn her back, and how to play deaf and blind. Believe it, she will see more in the long run than the mother that is too observing. One is never going to see much that is worth seeing in this life, until one learns how and when to shut one's eyes.

If husband and wife are going to remain in love they will need a good deal of wilful blindness. In fact, the more they allow their fault-noticing faculty to atrophy the happier they will be, because then they will see those other things that really count. Those see the most who look the other way. At least when you "make it hearts."

The monk in his cell is not altogether to be pitied. Possibly he is overdoing it; but we might learn from him that saving art of choosing our own world, of creating our own little autocosm, whither to take refuge on dark days. No one

knows the world aright who does not know how to leave it upon occasion.

The power of the poet over us is due to his proud ignorance of the petty perplexities that bother us. Our souls are drowned in the rattle of pots and kettles, bales and boxes, the crash of affairs, and the din of tongues. If the poet knew enough to get his hair cut he could not speak to us. He can see only a peach blossom in the sunshine, hear only a whistling thrush in the hedge, detect only a tender heart swelling in a bashful breast, perceive only one great white ideal where we see the confusion of war, and penetrate the flux of things that distract us and find a golden purpose.

And in the humble business of living, and being happy, and doing our daily work, the secret is the same; it is blessed, wisely chosen ignorance. We need the blind courage of the raw recruits at Lungtungpen, the narrow application of the specialist, the oblivious vision of the poet.

There are so many things that don't matter!

Others may say your old mother is blind, doting, and foolish. She somehow never sees those faults everybody else dins in your ears, and which doubtless exist. But deep in your heart you have a notion that after all her eyes, with their divine blind spots, see the things in you that need seeing. Love knows what a fine, true art is ignorance.

FOOLING THE CHILDREN

LET us admit it. Come, the printed page is impersonal, and confessions we would not dare to make one to another we may whisper with safety to our reputation and relief to our soul under the shadow of the pronoun we, which means every one of us except me and you.

We are arrant humbugs. We are incurable hypocrites. What a show we keep up before our children. ,Who would want to sit down and tell his little boy—the whole truth about himself? Who desires his little girl to know him as he really is?

Not that we are criminals. We are not so bad. We are just human. But we want our young ones to think that we are superhuman, impossibly consistent, living actually up to the appalling faultless standards we teach them.

At first we fool them. They really think we are paragons. Consequently they lie to us. They deceive us. Most filial dishonesty is caused by parental hypocrisy.

We are afraid to be natural with our family; to admit frankly poor judgment, irritation, lazi-

ness, selfishness, weakness, and such faults. We have that curious twist in our mind by which we value expediency above the truth. We are always asking how this and that will "affect" the child, what "impression" will be made upon him. We want to throw "good influences" around him.

Hence we embark upon a career of conscientious humbugging in the family, shamming from the noblest motives, thinking we are developing the morals of our precious ones by pretending to be what we are not.

It might not be so bad if we could succeed. But we never do. The result is inevitable. We are found out.

One of the commonest and saddest tragedies of everyday life is the alienation that develops between father and son, mother and daughter, when the child arrives at the age of twelve or fourteen. It is caused by the child's realization that the parent is after all not a paragon, but a plain, faulty common human being.

Would it not be better to begin by telling the truth, acting the truth and living the truth? No, we answer promptly, we want our children to be better than we are. Most of the misery in this world comes from trying to make those we love better than we are.

Our children need ideals, we say. So they do, and so do we. But we nor they need people who pretend to be ideal and are not.

What the child wants, more than ideals, is

you. He needs to know you as you are, to grow up in candid friendship with you.

Children's eyes, as God's eyes, see through you. They are unaffected, and their hearts go out to the sincere. That is why they would rather play with the ragamuffins in the alley than with "nice" children. The alley kind is real.

After all the child problem is not so complex. The one thing needful is to be human and honest with children. They would love us if we would give them a chance.

People shrink from the responsibilities of a family, so they say; in reality they shrink from the programme of pretence that they imagine the presence of children implies.

Of course, we must try to be good when children are around. They call for self-restraint and clean speech and the common decencies. But let us not endeavor to be too good, impossibly good, nor seem to be.

Let us be simply human. There is something better, if possible, than to be good; it is to be real. We cannot all be proper and highly moral and splendidly faultless; but we can be that which is more worth while to the child's heart and to his future; we can be genuine.

SAVING FAITH

SAVING faith, in the common theological sense, is not the subject under discussion.

Whether or not a faith in a certain creed will save one's soul shall not here be considered.

But there is a kind of saving faith everybody can understand and everybody believes in. And it is not the faith you have in somebody, but the faith somebody has in you.

What is meant is this: Nobody ever does you any good, reaches, helps, and encourages you, except the one who believes in you.

The only tonic, life-giving force that flows from man to man is appreciation.

The benumbing, paralyzing, deadening force is contempt.

To despise any man is to do all in your soul's power to ruin him.

Anger, sullenness, and dislike are the hammers of the soul.

Scolding and petulance are the destruction of children.

Punishment and prisons are the ptomaines of society. Neither the offender himself nor the

people at large are done any good by degrading a man to the level of a beast.

Believe in a child, and your faith shall save him, if anything can.

Believe in men and women and you are uplifting the world, in the only way it can be uplifted.

Even to believe in the man inside the criminal is the best way to cure crime.

And it is easy enough. For all that is necessary, in order to have faith in any human being, is to understand him. And the way to understand him is to love him.

Every soul is intrinsically lovely to any other soul that will faithfully try to know it.

The only one qualified to help you, to teach you, or inspire you is the one who appreciates you.

Look back on your own life. Count the people who have helped you. Every one of them believed in you.

The faith-ray is the only redemption ray. It can pierce through any coverings of despair and evil.

Of course, your enemies may have helped you, in a way; but it is the way the boy spoke of in his composition, when he said: "Pins save the lives of many people—by not swallowing them." Fire saves you by making you avoid it, and cold by compelling you to resist it, and in this sense possibly the devil himself saves you.

But the real life savers are the Appreciators.

THE POSTPONEMENT OF LIFE

MANY of us are like the boy taking a "run and jump," who ran so far that he couldn't jump.

We spend so much time and strength getting ready to enjoy ourselves that we never enjoy ourselves at all.

We are like business men who break down brain, nerves, and body accumulating a fortune wherewith to take their ease, and when they are at last ready to play they discover they have lost the knack of it.

Every day should be full orbed. It should have its own piece of heaven. When you go to bed at night you ought to be able to look back over the time you have spent since rising and view that sixteen hours or so as an experience complete in itself.

With too many of us To-day is a fevered compromise, a makeshift, something we have got through with we know not how, something to be forgotten as soon as possible. It is "to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow," and so life becomes

> "a tale
> Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
> Signifying nothing."

We have no joy but a sort of reaching for joy, no satisfaction but expectance, no comfort but hope.

Would it not be better to give each day some kind of finish, as a good workman perfects each ornament of the temple?

Every day has possibilities for the perfect exercise of life's functions. Emerson said, "Every day is a day of doom."

Here are a few hints:

First, remember that the one thing that has most to do with making life worth living is love. Let no day pass without some expression of affection.

Don't postpone play. No day ought to go by without some moments of diversion. Play a game. Have a bit of chat with your neighbor. Do something useless each day, lest you become an enemy to the human race.

Don't postpone physical exercise. It is not the occasional spurt of activity but the daily turn that counts in buttressing health and avoiding flabbiness.

Don't postpone mental gymnastics. No mind should go a whole day without sweating over some knotty problem, some book hard to read, some genuine, solid thinking.

Don't postpone beauty. The best-known soul food is admiration. Find to-day some cloud or flower or picture or face that warms you. Drop in at the picture gallery, or at least pause a mo-

ment at the art dealer's window. Never go to sleep without having seen some beautiful thing since the last sleep.

Don't postpone work. Produce something useful, something of distinct value to the world, and if possible something the world is willing to pay for. The sanest thing any person can do is work, and for wages.

Don't postpone laughter. A day without one good laugh is a bad day. No drug you can take, and no belief you can embrace, and no religious fad or new thought can do as much good for your health of soul and body as a real, hearty laugh, from the boots up.

And don't postpone reverence. All about you every day of your life are the sky above and the earth beneath and human hearts around, and in them all are deep, great mysteries, quite beyond understanding. Realize this to-day. The noblest thoughts and feelings have ever come to us from the Infinite. It is the Infinite, if we let it into our minds daily, that keeps us from growing petty, egotistic, pessimistic, and otherwise becoming "demmed unpleasant bodies."

Now, isn't one day with a dash of all these ingredients a pretty good affair in itself? Think of it! A little love, a little play, a little bodily and mental exertion, a little beauty, a little work, a little laughter, a little wonder; what is that but a whole life in a nutshell?

Live, as the carpenter might say, by the day and not by the job.

For, after all, life is too much for any of us; but a day, well, we might manage that, perhaps, if we would.

THAT UNDYING HEATHEN

THE undying heathen is the man who knows it all.

He is cocksure. He may be a cocksure scientist, or a cocksure religionist, or a cocksure anti-religionist.

It is all the same. In any case he is deadly. Women, poets, lovers, enthusiasts, and children are suffocated by his presence.

Knowledge has its place. It is well to have the mind's cellar stored well with facts. An encyclopedia on the book-shelf is valuable. But life's power and beauty are drawn from the great unknown, and not from the small known.

The great inspirations of the world have always come from the sky and the shadows.

When Richard Wagner looked for themes for his trilogy (Siegfried, the Walkyrie, and Götterdämmerung, with the Rheingold prelude), he found them in the folk-lore of his people, in the twilight days, when there were not only men on the earth but also dwarfs under the earth, nymphs in the waters, and giants and gods mingling in human affairs.

Every great epic poet dips his pen into the

past. He has to. It is the only ink that is dark enough. The present is too pale, too light. The future will probably be worse.

Homer and Virgil and Milton sang of dim primal days. They are interesting.

Every imaginative picture of the millennium is somewhat stupid, lacking ginger.

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton wrote a story of the coming race, describing the humanity to be; and with sound perception observes that most of the fiction then will consist of tales of former times, when mankind was less perfect.

Utopians promise us every blessing in the golden age to come except the sweetest of all blessings, reverent ignorance, and its handmaidens, poetry, wonder and worship.

Reading More's "Utopia" or Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward," one cannot resist the feeling that while life then will be very fine it will be rather boresome.

It would certainly be wonderful to mix with intelligences that know everything, can explain all, and are surprised at nothing, and who have outlived all the charming faults and perversions of this our humanity—it would be—for a while. Then we should want to go away somewhere with our old friend the Maine guide, who can trail a buck a hundred miles, but who asks you, when you speak of Botticelli, "whether that's a cheese or a fiddle."

Even the conventional notion of heaven has

its drawbacks. The little girl, after her mother had described to her how perfectly grand and good heaven is, pathetically asked if she couldn't go down to the Other Place once in a while and play.

Knowledge is a passing phase. Man journeys from ignorance to ignorance. He begins life knowing nothing; he becomes clever; then he grows wise, when he again realizes he knows nothing.

The saints are people who wonder. The sages are people who are humble. The poets are the world's children.

Socrates was fond of saying he knew nothing. Sir Isaac Newton said the same.

Chesterton, in a recent verse, writes:

> When is great talk of trend and tide,
> And wisdom and destiny,
> Hail that undying heathen
> That is sadder than the sea.

OLD CLOTHES

THE only clothes that are really clothes are the old clothes.

Men may be divided into two classes, those who have one suit and those who have more.

With the purchase of the second outfit a man's slavery begins.

When one has but a single coat it looks like him. When you see it, and his one vest and one pair of trousers, laid out on a chair at night, you are tempted to cry, as Michael Angelo exclaimed, looking at his completed statue of Moses: "Why don't you speak!"

The one suit of clothes becomes creased to your personality. It is as much a part of you as your skin.

Only the man with one set of garments may be said to be clothed at all, in any proper sense of the word: those with more wear uniforms.

When you take clothes to a tailor to be pressed you might say: "Remove my ego. Steam away my characteristics. Iron out my personality. This suit is becoming like me. I am ashamed. I feel indecent. Reduce me to the herd level."

Good clothes are the despair of artists. A

painter shudders when he is expected to portray a Prince Albert. When he paints for his own delight or for art's sake he invariably chooses the one-suited—the beggars by the Spanish stairs, the tatterdemalions and arabs of the street.

And as for sculpture, its death blow was given by the invention of pantaloons. I can see that bronze statue of benign old Senator Hoar yet in my mind's eye as it sits by the city hall upon the common of Worcester, Mass. And I now recall in my memory what I always saw with my fleshy eyes, nothing of his face or mien, but only those metal "pants," looking for all the world like two grim cannon, upended, with the senatorial feet sticking out of their muzzles.

When you visit foreign parts the people you love most to observe are the "types," which means those who are real persons, each with one suit of clothes moulded to his personality. The smart set in the fashionable hotels, and the table d'hôte set at the pension are the same the world over; they might be in Kokomo, Ind., or in Florence, Italy; they are all "men without a country." It is the common folks who are interesting. They alone are patriots.

It is the common folks who are uncommon. The well dressed and much dressed are all alike —"flat, stale, and unprofitable."

The western cowboys, the Basque peasants, the gypsies, the Tyrolese mountaineers, the Bavarian country people, the London fishwives, the Pro-

vençal vine dressers, the shepherds of Syria, the Bedouins of the desert, and Lo, the poor Indian—all these are people it is worth while to know; whereas all the honorable gentlemen, monsieurs, signors, and misters, and particularly all club fellows, nobles, and highmightinesses, why, one looks about like another.

Women with forty gowns talk of loving clothes. The expression is not only untrue, it is hardly decent. The only woman who loves her clothes, with a pure, loyal, monogamic affection, is the woman who has but one dress to her name.

IT DEPENDS UPON THE MAN

EVERYTHING, no matter what, depends on the man.

The one thing in the universe that refuses to stay in its pigeon hole is a human being.

You can find a man's name under the proper letter in the telephone book, but the man himself insists on wandering up and down through the alphabet of souls.

"Vous voila!" exclaim the French, "That's you!" and shrug the shoulders, which is, perhaps, the most truthful way of recognizing the utter unclassifiable nature of you.

If you say you hate the Irish, like as not you will meet to-morrow some Irishman who will stride gaily into your affections.

When the young woman declares that she will never marry a short man or one with red hair, it is a well-known fact that it is the red-headed, short man that will one day carry her off. Her general principle remains intact, "only Charley," you know, is different.

The one wayward, wilful, royal element in a person is personality.

Every man is an exception.

I remember I was brought up in the belief that all southerners were rebels, wicked Legrees, who whipped slaves, and breathed threatenings and slaughter generally. Coming in later years to live in a neighborhood of them I was surprised to find them about the kindest, warmest, and most delightful people I had ever met.

Human nature drives a coach and four through any generalization.

When Harlow N. Higginbotham was credit man for Marshall Field I once had a talk with him at his desk. He was explaining to my curiosity how he estimated the trustworthiness of a customer wanting credit. He showed me the books of rating, Dunn and Bradstreet, or whatever they are, the system of credit reports, and the like. "Then," I remarked, "all you have to do is to see whether the man fits properly in the system?" "Oh, no," he answered. "I always bring him in and talk with him and look him over. That's what counts finally." So even a huge business and dollars and cents depend upon the personal equation.

No classification is safe. See the man.

"That," said a great merchant once to me, "is the most disagreeable clerk about my place. He breaks my rules. He makes trouble. He is lazy. He is about everything I don't want him to be."

"Then why do you keep him?"

"Well, it's funny, but he does more business

than any two men I have. He gets things done. He's the one clerk here who is worth twice his wages."

And if it all depends upon the man, still more it all depends upon the woman.

Beauty, rosy cheeks, violet eyes, a divine form, and a low, musical voice are supposed to make a woman irresistible. But it is singular how the boys have a way of passing by the classic beauty and taking up with the snub-nosed, ill-shaped, and homely minx. Not that unbeauty is more attractive than the angel face; it isn't; but it all depends on the woman.

Dr. John Brown relates how that Sir Joshua Reynolds was taken by a friend to see a picture. He was anxious to admire it, and examined it carefully. "Capital composition; correct drawing; the color, tone, chiaroscuro excellent; but—but—it wants, hang it, it wants—THAT!" snapping his fingers.

The "That" is the individual touch.

It is to your personality what flavor is to the apple.

After all, the only thing about a man the world cares for is his individuality. Your accomplishments and your possessions do not matter much.

It is the pearl of great price, the one treasure he has which no one else has!

In art it makes one's work great, in letters it makes one's writing worth reading, in business it

is the touchstone of success, in society it is the secret of popularity, in love it is the very core and substance, and in religion it is the keynote.

All true education is to develop this, all true culture is to perfect it, all true religion is to keep it unspoiled. "For what shall it profit a man he gain the whole world and lose"—That!

REAL CHARITY

NOTHING is through and through good for the people that is not done by the people themselves.

This is a truth full of most nourishing and savory juice, and it would be well for us to chew it meditatively, to Fletcherize it well.

We have come to look with suspicion upon so-called "charity." Doubtless we shall all need from time to time to relieve our neighbor's distress, perhaps, but doling bread and soup and money, providing free Thanksgiving dinners for the poor, going about as Lady Bountiful, and in any other way giving alms has gotten to be, to the modern intelligently altruistic mind, questionable.

Of course, giving to the poor is recommended in the Bible. But true obedience to the Bible's principles implies that we construe it with common sense. In New Testament days beggars were a fixed by-product of monarchic government. The duty of a democratic Christian in the twentieth century is not to coddle poverty, but to remove the conditions that make poverty.

We have not abandoned the teachings of Jesus;

we are trying to get those teachings into the state, to make them basic in social life.

Beggary in the end is always pernicious. And alms-giving, which is the other half of beggary, and keeps it alive and thriving, is equally noxious.

All "giving" is, as a rule, an excuse for evading the payment of the just debts of altruism. A man screws down the wages of his employees, refuses to make his mine or workshop sanitary, employs little children, gains money from sweat shops, and we call him a philanthropist when he gives the town a library.

Real philanthropy is justice.

No greater charitable institution ever existed than the American state. Think of the millions of children in the public schools, of the hundreds of youth in state universities, of the myriads of the unfortunate in asylums for the blind, deaf and the feeble-minded! That is real charity because it is the people caring for the people.

To have some one endow us is as bad as to have some king govern us.

Begging has become an elaborate system. College presidents are chosen for their expertness in this art. Preachers are gauged by their skill in securing money for the church. We cannot resist the feeling that it is all subversive of true manhood.

Educational and religious institutions should not be dependent upon millionaires. They should be supported by the whole people.

And they who seek some programme by which the present enormous profits of private business shall in some way be returned to the people, to whom it rightly belongs, and be administered by the responsible representatives of the people instead of by the irresponsible exploiter, these are they who are the really charitable, these are they who express Christianity and its altruistic impulse in terms of modern democracy.

Give us fundamental justice and you give us the noblest charity.

Solve the governmental problem so that every man shall have opportunity, and the just reward for his work, no more and no less, and you have satisfied, in the only rational way in which it can be satisfied, the demands of Him who said:

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me."

THE DEADLY MICROBE OF EXPEDIENCY

EVERY animal, they say, has its parasite. Every living organism has its peculiar destructive microbe.

The name of that particular bacillus which eats the life out Truth is—Expediency.

The minute one asks "What's the use?" he ceases to be a scientist, an artist, or a moral person.

For ages the world's highest thinking, or rather its thinking upon highest themes, was conducted on strictly immoral lines. For men asked not "Is it so?" but "Is it advisable to SAY that it is so?"

It is modern Science that has laid the world under an everlasting debt, by standing out for the theory that what is True must always and absolutely be best for us to know and to follow.

Few realize that intellectual honesty is practically a Modern Discovery, along with the telegraph and the sewing machine.

Historical accuracy, for instance, was hardly considered worth while before Niebuhr. In ancient and in mediæval times men wrote histories

to be read, and made them as interesting as possible; they cared little whether a thing was a Fact or not. Hence most old histories are unreliable, and the more dramatic a story the more we suspect it to be false.

They say that among the Turks, when one is asked a question, he does not frame his answer in accordance with the facts, but in accordance with the effect he wishes to produce upon his hearer.

This is a good illustration of that state of ethics which prevailed generally before the era of modern science.

Any system built on non-facts becomes a breeding ground for tyrannies and morbidities.

When the mayor of Philadelphia was asked by the ministers to appoint a day of prayer to ward off the cholera, he answered very properly that to pray, while they neglected to clean up the city, would be blasphemy.

Nothing cures cholera or any other disease but to know the truth about it and remove the cause. Precisely so, nothing cures worry, bad habits, evil passions, and all moral lesions but to find out the truth about the spiritual, psychological laws that produce them.

There is no realm of human interests where strict scientific methods and scientific honesty are needed so much as the realm of morals.

Morals are somehow profoundly affected by our personal relation to the Infinite, the Unknown, the Hereafter. And the crying need of the age

is thorough scientific investigation of these relations. The most precious hopes and fears of mankind are entirely too precious to be left forever in the hands of Fiction, even the most devoted and earnest Fiction.

THE SPENDTHRIFT OF LOVE

Don't economize in love.

Love is the one exception. It is the one treasure that grows bigger the more you take from it. Love is the one business in which it pays to be a spendthrift.

Give it away, throw it away, splash it over, empty your pockets, shake the basket, turn the glass upside down, and to-morrow you shall have more than ever.

Love is like the barrel of meal and the cruse of oil of the widow of Zarephath, which the more they were drawn from the more they were increased.

Love is like that manna which was fit food for angels, but would not keep.

Allow no day to pass without giving love. To-morrow may not come, and if you should die to-night your loving deed will be the one thing you will be glad to remember.

And the time to love, love's only time is—now.

Do you like that fellow, that friend of yours? Go out of your way to do something that will warm his heart. Pass him at least a compliment.

It may be your little girl. You are tired, per-

haps, and worried, and her young exuberance irritates you. But wait! She is slipping away from you every minute. The time is racing toward you when she will be no longer yours, looking up to you for a drop of gentleness. So, take time. Give her five minutes, and a hug or two, and a warm word from dad to remember.

Perhaps it is your boy. Some day you will want nothing more than that he confide in you and not withdraw from you. Therefore, invest now in some kindness and fellowship. Don't put it off.

Maybe it is your wife. Never a woman lived that did not want a little attention to be prized. No matter how absorbed you are in important affairs, take a bit of time and consume it entirely in making that woman feel that she is the most interesting and vital affair in the world.

Then there is your mother. If she sits by your fireside let no day pass without some moments all hers. If she is away let no week go by without writing.

When you go to bed at night you need not accuse yourself that you have made no money, that you have not advanced in your career, that you have had no profit or play; but if you have spent a whole day without some expression of love to some human being you may well arise and devote some time to the profitable physical culture of kicking yourself.

There are doubts about everything; doubts

about whether your food is good for you, or your drink, doubts whether your work was of any use or your play was not silly, doubts whether it pays to make money, or whether anything else you do is worth the candle; but about love there is no doubt; it is just plain good. God knows it's good, for He made the world for lovers. It has no rival, this true love that is frank, free, and honest, without shame or self.

RED HATS AND RED HEELS

HERE is a paragraph from Catulle Mendes which it will be well for every worker to meditate upon:

"In France everybody is an aristocrat, for everybody aims to be distinguished from everybody. The red cap of the Jacobins is the red heel of the aristocrats at the other extremity, but it is the same distinctive sign. Only, as they hated each other, Jacobinism placed on its head what aristocracy placed under its foot."

The idea that is here brought out, is that aristocracy is a Spirit, and not a condition in life. Just as greed is a spirit, and a poor man can be as fully a miser as one who has many a bag of gold, and can be a murderer at heart, though he lack the courage to take life, and one can be a thief yet afraid to steal.

Nowhere is the spirit of aristocracy, which is entirely vicious and ignorant of the meaning of life, so disgusting as in its dregs and leavings, which are found among those who worship position and fame afar off.

It is safe to say that the money-proud and birth-proud would soon tire of their mode of life

if it were not for the envy and admiration they excite among the so-called lower orders. If the vulgar crowd did not gape and cheer, royalty would quickly give up the practice of riding in gilt coaches, which as a matter of fact are far from comfortable. The duke would drop his grand ways if there were no audience of awe-stricken butlers and serving maids.

The chief pleasure the millionaire gets out of his house with ninety-six rooms on the boulevard is the stir he makes with it in the breasts of the clerks and workmen; for really it is hard to see what real pleasure there can be in keeping a brigade of servants and living in a residence big enough for a boarding-school. So also there is no enjoyment in wearing jewelry and expensive hats and all such gear, per se; the enjoyment comes in the satisfaction of knowing that all those who cannot afford such things are green-eyed for them.

There is therefore no sense in trying to reform society by exhorting the upper crust to put away display and extravagance. The trouble lies in the poorer classes. The rich are few, the poor are a multitude. If the multitude should wake up some morning and cease to admire and covet the tinsel, the next morning the rich would cease to parade it. Consequently, it is the poor who need reformation. It is always the poor who need the gospel. For they alone will listen.

One of the characters in Galsworthy's "Frater-

nity," a gentlemen named Hilary, had a bust of Socrates in his study, and describes it as being "so capaciously ugly, as though comprehending the whole of human life, sharing all man's gluttony and violence and rapacity, but sharing also his strivings toward love and reason and serenity. He is telling us," Hilary continues, "to drink deep, to dive down and lie with mermaids, to lie out on the hills under the sun, to sweat with helots, to know all things and all men. No seat, he says, among the Wise, unless we've been through it all before we climb. That's how he strikes me—not too cheering for people of our sort!"

And, to return to our beginning, would it not be as hard to conceive of Socrates wearing the red hat of the Jacobin, that is, railing at and envying the Magnificent Ones, as it would be to conceive of him as wearing the red heels or other gimcracks of the Lofty?

TRAINING THE INSTINCTS

"Our instincts," writes a noted scientist, "are the root of our ethics, and just as hereditary as the form of our body. We eat, drink and reproduce not because mankind has reached an agreement that this is desirable, but because, machine-like, we are compelled to do so."

Those who are everlastingly reasoning about their souls and bodies, with rules of diet and rules of mental exercise and rules of holy living, usually become abnormally developed.

One should refrain from doing anything rationally which might as well be done upon impulse.

As a cat can see and a dog can smell far more perfectly than we, so our subconsciousness can attend to the ordinary affairs of our everyday life much more satisfactorily than can our intelligence.

Of course, reason is the distinguishing mark of the human being. It should judge, dispose and regulate the movements of life. But it can easily be swamped in details, overworked in non-essentials, and from a blessing turn to a nuisance.

If the president of a great railway should

putter about tending switches and driving spikes he would be a poor president and his company would soon go to smash.

Reason is king, czar, president of the human personality. And king-business is different from servant-girl business.

A man is strong in proportion as his instincts are true, quick and powerful. He is dependable if his instincts are normal and accurate. He is good if his instincts are good. He is mean if his instincts are mean.

The real problem in life, therefore, consists in training the instincts. This is the function of reason. It is to develop this one and weaken that one, to take those long policies and plans that will in time bring the instincts about to where it wants them.

The task before any man is one only. It is to get himself into a condition where he likes what he ought to like. It is to break the wild horses of passion to the saddle. It is to tame and use the impulses of his blood.

The completely moral man, therefore, is not the one who does what he wishes not to do, but the man who has trained himself to wish to do what he ought to do.

Then he sleeps when he is sleepy, eats when he is hungry, drinks when he is thirsty, is pleasant when so disposed, and angry when anger rises; he walks when his legs need unstiffening, works when desire calls, plays when he feels that is

needed to break the monotony, prays when the spirit moves, and altogether has got the hereditary, dumb, unintelligent forces in him to do nine-tenths of the work, and reserves his reason to come in only occasionally to decide some great matter.

There are no bad impulses; there may be disorderly and untrained impulses, but every push of the blood in us is useful. Instinct, desire, craving is the steam in the human engine.

A great man has great appetites. If they are well-ordered he is a great good man. If they are wolfish and embittered he is a great criminal.

But a bloodless man, without strong feelings, can never be great. He may occupy a great position, be a king on a throne or a money-power with bags of gold, but he himself cannot be great.

Cease, then, regretting this or that fiery passion. Break it to harness. Learn how to drive it, instead of letting it run away with you, and you will live to thank God for it.

Real culture is the intelligent development of the instinct-forces Nature has put in us.

THE DELUSION OF SAFETY

One of those maxims that contains a most meaty kernel of truth is that whatever is safe is bad.

As long ago as the days of Jesus the seer looked on the leading citizen, who had fat barns, and who lay back and said: "Soul, take thine ease, thou hast much goods laid up for many days," and the seer's eyes pierced the rotten core of security, and the seer's voice said, "Thou fool! This night, shall thy soul be required of thee. Then whose shall all those things be thou hast laid up?"

It is bad for anybody to be safe; bad for a boy to be placed above want; bad for any human being to be endowed.

When any one feels that his "calling and election are sure," the ethical results on him are harmful; it is apt to make him a prig, a Pharisee or a prosecutor. A soul's most moral state is uncertainty.

From uncertainty flow charity and sympathy and becoming humility. It is the army of the cocksure that has ravaged the Church.

Security has always been the argument of tyrants, privileged classes and the advocates of lais-

sez-faire. We are told that czarism is better than revolution; slavery is quieter than negro freedom (so the Greeks had their asphalos duleuein), education is dangerous, religious absolutism and authority alone bring peace.

The fact is, risk is life, and life is risk. Get where you are absolutely safe and you would as well be dead. Life is a great game; eliminate chance and you spoil the game; you become a useless lump.

We sometimes say, "It is the uncertainty that is killing me. If I only knew I could keep my job, or that my boy would not go wrong, or that my business venture would prosper!" And we actually feel aggrieved, as though life owed us certainty, and we were somehow wronged because we do not know.

But surety is no part of the scheme of life. We are not put here to operate like machines but to take chances.

The art of success is not to succeed surely every time, but to have always something else up your sleeve; to fall but to fall on your feet; to reckon always on missing and to be ready to strike again.

This is what is called resourcefulness, which simply means knowing how to fail successfully.

The nation itself is not to be secure and stable; it is to be fluid and progressive. In absolutely fixed institutions is contained fixed fraud. The other side of governmental permanency is cruelty and oppression of the people. China is hard as

stone; America is elastic as a sapling; and the sapling grows, while the stone crumbles.

The secure state, the unchanging creed, the established religion, the hereditary throne, the independently wealthy individual, the man with a life-employment, the life-occupant of any institution, whether poorhouse, prison, college, church or court, are chrysalids; only when the shell is broken and they fly forth to danger are there life and beauty and motion and joy.

So the next time you are disposed to complain of the uncertainty of things, remember that uncertainty is an essential element in the universe, ordained to make you play the man.

Birth means that the mother shall go down to the gates of death; marriage means sailing between dangerous rocks; love is as full of danger as battle; health runs an eternal gauntlet between diseases; faith is a ceaseles fight with doubts; business is crowded with possibilities of failure; money is skittish as a colt; and death comes no man knows when or where.

You could not be safe if you wanted to, but you can be what is infinitely better, you can be Brave, and if you are Brave you can be Happy.

GEOGRAPHICAL LINES

THE story is told of Bill Nye that when he went sight-seeing up Lookout Mountain the boy who was acting as guide told him that from the summit where they were standing they could see four states.

"Let's see 'em," said Bill. "Where are they?"

"That," said the boy, "is Tennessee, that yonder is Georgia, that is Alabama, and that is North Carolina."

"No, you don't," replied Bill, shaking his finger at the youth. "You may stuff some folks with that, but not me. I studied geography in school, and I know that Tennessee is yellow, Alabama is green, Georgia is blue, and North Carolina is red. I'm sure North Carolina is red," he added, "for I helped paint it red myself last week—Me and Bill Vischer."

I remember very well the first time I crossed the boundary line of my native state of Illinois into Indiana, and how surprised I was to find no "line" at all; not even a fence; nothing but a muddy stream; to discover also that the ground was the same color.

Since then I have learned that more things

than geographical boundaries are purely imaginary.

Brought up a protestant, I was amazed to find, when still quite a lad, that Roman Catholics are just as human and kind as Methodists.

Another shock came when it was revealed to me that one of the gentlest, wisest teachers I ever had was a Democrat; I had thought all Democrats chewed tobacco and carried guns.

One by one I have seen the partitions of humanity's house fall. I have found that the people in every class room are "just folks."

I have lived in a family of Italian wage workers in Tivoli, I have sat at the mahogany table of an Italian prince, I have mingled with German farmers at the Pasing Fair, I have dined with English nobility and passed the night at the house of an English shopkeeper. I have visited with the President of the United States, senators, mayors, and governors, and have also sopped my bread in the bacon gravy at the woodchopper's family board in Sangamon County, and as far as I can see there is no difference; that is, none to speak of. A bright boy could adjust himself to any of these situations in a week or so. Social barriers are also imaginary geographical lines.

We are learning, too, that all sciences shade into each other. Pasteur was a chemist and slid over accidentally into biology. Metchnikoff was a zoölogist and became the discoverer of immunity from disease.

Nobody knows where the vegetable kingdom leaves off and the animal kingdom begins.

Who can put his finger on the line that runs between socialism and democracy?

What is the difference between the Democratic and the Republican party? A prize will be given for any answer at all.

The fact is that classifications of all kinds are merely mental "labor-saving machinery." They are useful for purposes of discussion, just as Kentucky's difference from Tennessee is useful for purposes of taxation.

But we're all folks. We all love and hate, laugh and cry, eat and sleep. Girls and boys love about the same way in Teheran and Texas, at European courts and Iowa crossroads.

Every mother loves to look at her baby, and every baby smiles back at its mother, and the good God is over us all.

PAY! PAY! PAY!

When an old negro saw a camel for the first time in his life he gazed awhile at its absurd hump and absurder face, as it munched straw in the circus tent, and turning away, declared, "They hain't no sech animile!"

The next time you think you see a gift, the next time you fancy you have got something for nothing, you will do well to repeat the darky's remark, for "they sure hain't no sech thing."

No mortal man ever got anything he did not pay for.

If you do not pay in one way you pay in another; if not by the labor of your hands, then by the misery of your mind; if not in money, then in service; if not in service, then in humiliation.

The cheapest and most satisfactory way to get anything is to pay cash.

Father Abraham, head of the Jewish race, was wise with the shrewdness of that keen-eyed people. When he was returning from an expedition in which he had overtaken and punished certain thieves that had been preying upon honest farmers, one of his neighbors met him and offered him a present. But Abraham was long-headed,

and replied, "I have lifted up my hand to heaven and sworn that I will take nothing that is thine lest thou shouldst say, I have made Abraham rich."

No man is rich enough or poor enough to assume an obligation he is not able, glad, and prepared to discharge in full. An unpaid obligation corrodes the self-respect, and loosens the cords of character.

There is really no such thing as a gift. Everything must be paid for, drop for drop, ounce for ounce, somehow, some time. When you are threatened with a donation, legacy or anything for which you are to pay nothing—run!

When you see a man you envy, who has automobiles and diamonds, wonder within yourself how much they have cost him. Then go home, examine your own stores of health, manhood, love, and clean conscience, and ask yourself, "Have I anything to sell?"

For you must pay, pay, pay! Nothing is gratis. Not even Nature gives. Nature never cancels a debt. You may think you have evaded her, but you are mistaken. No man was ever clever enough. Take your nights of dissipation; you may have alcoholic buzzing joys and all the other vivid pleasures of excess; Nature will sell you anything you ask; but may the Lord help you when you come to settle up!

I sometimes think the entire credit system, at least as far as personal and household expenses

are concerned, is the proud, peculiar invention of the Old Nick. How much downright suffering, family quarrels, lying, agony, and general ruination has been caused by buying things without the instant, immediate pain of counting out the money for them!

Put it down in your books: A benefactor is a nuisance. The rich uncle's name is Bane. The "angel" is an angel of darkness. The greatest curse to a church is the rich brother who pays all the deficits.

Pay as you go; and if you can't pay, don't go.

The man who gives honest employment to a hundred workers will sit higher up in heaven than the man who feeds a hundred beggars. For the begging business, whether for individuals or for institutions, is vicious.

THE EXAMINATION HUMBUG

THE affair called an Examination is perhaps the prize humbug of the whole human show.

At school, after a few weeks' study and recitation, the teacher gravely hands the student a printed list of questions, to which answers are to be written. In this way the teacher is supposed to find out what the pupil knows.

In the first place, a teacher that can sit in the school-room daily for weeks with a child and cannot learn the child's capacity and know whether or not he is studious, ought to go out and work on the farm.

In the second place, my ability to write down satisfactory answers to ten questions is no sort of test of my knowledge of a subject.

It is psychologically wrong. Many a person may have a thorough command of a subject, and yet, when he gets his pen in his hand be unable to state it formally. A man may be an excellent physician, with unerring instinct in diagnosis and skill in treatment, and be paralyzed when he attempts to formulate his knowledge into a dozen paragraphs. Literary composition, the accurate expression of one's ideas, is one thing, and having

ideas, and being able to USE them, is quite another thing.

One of the most gifted writers on naval affairs is a naval officer who was a dismal failure at running a ship. His books are authorities, and they squeezed him out of the service for sheer incompetency. And many an old salt could make a ship almost talk, maintain perfect discipline, and carry out the most intricate and dangerous manœuvres, who could not for the life of him write a page of naval science.

There is only one way to ascertain whether or not a man is able to fill any position, and that is to try him and see.

That is the method of the business house. There you will find only one test. The head of the firm asks but one question: "Can he make good?"

Any other test is sheer nonsense. There is but one thing I want to know of any one whom I hire for a certain place. It is: "Can he do the business?" I don't care whether he can write the answers to a list of questions or not. I don't care if he is white or black, male or female, tongue-tied, bow-legged, or freckle-faced. All I want to know is: "Can he do the business?"

I want to be the first to subscribe to the monument fund for the benefactor of childhood who shall abolish examinations from schools.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE BEST

THE survival of the fittest is the survival of the best.

Define morals as you please, explain them entirely away if you like, or reduce them to mere physico-chemic terms, as Dr. Jacques Loeb does in a recent number of the *Popular Science Monthly,* the fact remains that the human qualities called "good" are tougher, harder, more enduring and stubbornly persistent than those called "bad."

Who calls them good? Who is to be the authority? There is no need of disputing over authorities, nor of analyzing motives until we reduce them to their ultimate gases; just plain, common sense will do. Ask the first ten decent hard-working men you meet on the street. Or take the teachings of Moses or Jesus. We will not contend that what they call good is the real good, but simply claim that what they called good is what civilized people as a rule accept as moral, and that this has proved itself the fittest to survive.

In the long war of the centuries, for instance, kindness has steadily beaten cruelty and driven it step by step out of the life and customs of the race.

Kindness seems so mild and gentle, such a weak sister; and cruelty so whiskered, barbed, and fierce. One would suppose the soft little thing would be eaten up and done for straightway.

Nothing but actual historic facts could convince us to the contrary. But those facts prove that the sweet and tender sentiment has ousted, routed, and put to flight the harsh and strong sentiment invariably.

For the progress of civilization is a record of increasing humaneness. In the ancient world, in the Roman coliseum for example, and in all cities throughout the Roman world, the favorite pastime for the populace was to witness wild beasts tearing one another and devouring human beings: time has left nothing of this, but the bull-fight of Spain and football in America.

In mediæval days nobles ravaged the common people with impunity; up to a few years ago slavery existed unchecked and the slave oligarchy ran the United States, dominated the senate, and controlled the courts. These conditions have been changed.

Men can no more flog their wives, nor parents take their children's lives, nor ecclesiastics torture heretics.

Of course, there are cruelties and tyrannies enough still left, and in indirect ways "man's inhumanity to man" is yet active, for so long as there are selfishness, idleness, and luxury, there will be heartlessness. But the point is that there

is not so much as there was, and that generation after generation but illustrates the law that "the meek shall inherit the earth." Law becomes constantly more humane, customs gradually improve, the feeling against cruelty to animals, to women, to children and to all the weak, mounts higher every decade.

And not only kindness but all the other elements of "goodness" win in the long game of evolution.

Virtue is not only better than vice because some "authority" says so, but also because virtue outlives vice, outwears it and outpopulates it. Disease and pest and devitalization punish the unclean, whether the pictures of Orcagna's hell are true or not.

Honesty chases dishonesty from the arena of commerce, if for no other reason, because without honesty business is impossible. Without credit there can be no "big business," and without keeping word and promise no credit can exist.

Hate seems much more dynamic than love, but the fiery and destructive passion has to give way before its gentle opponent for the simple reason that love is essential to life and hate is life's enemy.

Explain morals how you will, therefore, call them God's law, or the invention of priests, or the "accrued caution of preceding generations," or resolve them into the functions of salts and acids in the blood; it makes no matter; the outcome is, that in the long wrestle of human motives through

ages and centuries of social evolution the good conquers and outdoes the bad.

The very struggle for existence makes the race better, because only the good guarantees existence.

The survival of the fittest applied to human beings and their motives means the survival of the best.

The law of "natural selection" is inexorable. And whether we call a thing good because it is selected by nature to survive, or whether we assert that nature selects certain things to survive because they are good, is tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum.

THE TRUTH

THE greatest known force is the truth. Truth is the only real reformer.

Truth is the only genuine philanthropist.

Truth is also the best life insurance policy and the best newspaper policy.

Truth is the best literature, and makes the most interesting story.

And truth is the only gospel that ever saved anybody, actually and not theoretically.

The more we see of truth the more the conviction grows upon us that it, and not we, is the force that gets things done.

We don't need to battle for the truth, nor defend it; we need to know it, live it, love it, tell it, and let it alone. It will defend us.

The older and wiser a man grows the more he is impressed that there is some vast "power not of ourselves" that accomplishes what needs accomplishing.

The will of man amounts to little. The will of destiny is very strong. Truth is the will of destiny.

Most of the great deeds done by men have not been done by men who set out deliberately to do

great deeds. They were done by men who were simply looking for truth.

Pasteur was not laboring with a view to benefit the race; he was hunting for the truth about germs; in doing so he uncovered a truth that has saved millions of live stock and human beings.

Metchnikoff was neither "incited by egotism to become famous, nor inspired by altruism to relieve suffering humanity" when he uncovered the secret of long life; he was watching through a microscope "the blood corpuscles chase each other through the veins of an infant starfish," he was looking for truth; when he found it, blessing and honor came as by-products.

"Seek first the truth, and all these things shall be added unto you."

The whole science of medicine has been upturned within the last generation or so. Physicians no longer seek to "do good" to their patients; they try to find out the truth about their patients, for they know that only the truth can do them good.

The human race is waking up to realize that what it needs is not philanthropy, not sacrifice, not rebellion, not heroes and leaders and reformers; all it needs is to quit lying, and to do away with all organized, ancient, and honorable falsehoods.

Trust, competition, government ownership, or this or that, is not the cure for the ills of business. The real remedy is plain, old-fashioned hon-

esty, and square dealing. Crookedness or injustice in any form is sure blood poison to business.

Nobody can afford to believe anything that is not so, no matter how pleasant it may be.

Nobody but a fool sings, "Oh, do not wake me, let me dream again!"

No soul can expect happiness in a faith, religious or otherwise, which is "an autocosm without facts," to use a Zangwillism.

There is no peace in any sort of a delusion. The devil is the father of lies.

Peace, joy, comfort, content, happiness, and health, all are permanent boarders in truth's house.

There is no political liberty, no social liberty, no personal liberty that is not founded on the truth. All lie-liberties, all expediencies, are spider webs; our souls are the flies.

"Ye shall know the truth," said the greatest of teachers, "and the truth shall make you free."

PUNISHMENT

THE world moves, but moves slowly. Especially does it take a moral fact, a psychological law, a spiritual truth a long, long time to soak into the common mind of men.

For a hundred years or so there is a fact about humanity that has been trying to find lodgment in the consciousness of civilization.

It is the fact that punishment never does any good.

Jesus, with his marvellous vision, saw it and stated it. "Thou hast heard that it hath been said, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, but I say unto you, return good for evil."

Though the western world has professedly been "Christian" for a thousand years and over, it has never gotten to the point where it believed that Jesus meant just what He said.

To cure crime by helpfulness and not by vengeance has been always supposed to be extravagance for individuals and an impossibility for governments.

It seems the most natural thing in the world that if a man strikes me I should strike him, if

he murders he should be murdered, if he wrongs society he should be hurt.

Here it is that the scientist, the psychologist, the man who looks only for truth and is undistracted by feeling, is the man to whom we must turn for the solution of our problem.

Viewing the matter with calm scientific intelligence we get right back to the truth Jesus enunciated, to wit:—that hurtfulness is curable only by helpfulness, that two cruelties do not make one kindness, and that the only possible way to wipe out the harm of evil is to do good to the evil-doer.

When one injures me my impulse is to injure him in return. But when I examine this impulse, and weigh its value, I find it is a mere survival of the brute in me; it is the hornet, wasp, mule, rattlesnake, and savage in my blood.

Carried out as a universal programme it means a society that is chaos; fueds and brawls are the rule; law is impossible.

This we admit perhaps in church, but deny in the courthouse. Yet it is as true one place as another.

When society hangs a man it is simply gratifying its lust for vengeance. The action is on a level with kicking a horse in the belly because he has kicked at you.

When we sentence a man to ten years or more in the penitentiary we say in substance: "This man has wronged the community, therefore will

we imbrute him, crush out all his better nature, and make of him a beast and a hardened criminal."

What's the use? What good does that do us except to gratify our desire for retaliation?

The argument for punishment, of course, is that it discourages and estops crime.

That cannot be discussed. It is a waste of time. But any one who will cease telling his "opinion," and honestly study the facts of criminology, will see that harsh punishment invariably causes increase and not decrease in crime.

It is a curious fact, but absolutely indisputable, that, in the history of law, crimes have diminished in proportion as punishments have been made milder.

The fundamental cure of crime is the ethical education of the youth. Education that is not moral training is a humbug. Only when the affections and the will are developed, as carefully as schools now develop the intellect, will we get at the root of crime-prevention.

We must learn that a wrong-doer is a diseased soul and needs not torture but training, for our own sakes as well as his.

In a hundred years from now our barbarous, ignorant system of jails, penitentiaries and gallows-trees will be relegated to the limbo of the stocks, the wheel and the rack; in their stead we shall have schools for the healing of perverted wills and emotions.

MEDIEVALISM IN LITERATURE

THE essence of medievalism was—class.

The essence of modernism is—democracy, to be written with a little d.

To the medieval minded, the common people do not exist.

Dante's Divine Comedy is a long, rhymed Who's Who in 1300.

Literature those days never mentioned, except with an apology, saving your presence, "anybody less than ambassador," as somebody said of somebody.

The great artists, even in the renaissance, never portrayed plain folks, only dukes and popes, Medici and saints.

When music arose and found itself, its great masters kowtowed to the magnificences; Mozart freezes his heels waiting in the audience room of silly and idle duchesses, and the mighty Beethoven dedicates a sonata to some royal ass to give it vogue.

Medievalism lingers. The sickness is still in our veins. If you don't believe it, read the Paris edition of the New York Herald. If you cannot get hold of a copy of that amazing yellow

plush daily, read the society columns of almost any Sunday paper.

The other day I saw in a Chicago Sabbath sheet the pictures of the ten most beautiful girls of the city. Not one of them was worth less than a million; that I suppose was their beauty; it certainly was not in their faces; you could easily pick out ten waitresses that would eclipse them, if you really wanted to see pretty girls.

The most popular thriller in the fifteen cent magazine to-day still treats of club fellows, dress shirts, and gobs of money. This doubtless catches the mob or it wouldn't be written. But, to me, the cheapest, tawdriest device of a story-maker is the bringing in of the millionaire or the famous person or the society leader to stimulate the reader's jaded eye.

The best American novel I ever read was Old Ed Howe's "Story of a Country Town." It was real. It had real meat insides, not sawdust.

And the greatest novelist of the world is Charles Dickens. He wrote of real folks.

"The mortal envelope of the Middle Ages," says Catulle Mendes, "has disappeared, but the essential remains. Because the temporal disguise has fallen, the dupes of history and its dates say that medievalism is dead. Does one die for changing his shirt?"

The rise of democracy is nowhere more noticeable than in modern literature. There is a tone, a spirit, in Zola, Kipling, Ibsen, Anatole France,

and Howells that never existed before in the world. It is the worth-whileness of the common man.

Realism does not mean that one writes of low, disgusting people. It means one writes of real people.

Realism, in its better significance, simply means what is real.

Democracy is a realization of the truth about humanity, a discarding of the artificialities, shams and humbugs.

FAITH

THE greatest element that goes to make success in a man is Faith.

This does not mean a belief in this or that doctrine, but the very essence and juice of Faith itself.

Real Faith, the kind that boosts a man, that bears him up in its hands over stones and ditches where others fall, is a habit of mind, a quality of life, an inside spirit.

Faith means first the realization that there are great, cosmic laws that govern souls, and that these laws are just as unerring and sure as the laws of gravitation or mathematics.

These laws are as old as the world. Every religious seer has but re-stated them. They are the gist of Buddha, Moses, Jesus and of every great soul.

They are such as these: Honesty always pays. Sensual excess always debases. Love is the most potent force in the world. No man can really injure you but yourself. Truth is stronger, tougher and more long-lived than any lie. The world is steadily growing better. You yourself cannot possibly fail if you are unafraid and true.

These sound like platitudes. They might be in a copy book. They are old.

But they are the newest, most alive things in the world to-day.

If you believe in them and intrust your life to them you will succeed—not probably, but just as surely as two and two make four.

If you disbelieve or doubt them you are lost already. It is only a question of time till your heart is dust within you and your mouth is full of ashes.

The difference between youth and old age is not a matter of years, but of faith. He who believes in himself and in the moral accuracy of the universe is young, even at seventy. He who doubts men and goodness is old at twenty.

Sometimes it is said that this is an age of young men. The kernel of this saying is that this is an age where faith is indispensable.

The great world of business and work and enterprise has no place for the coward.

Experience is a good thing, but an ounce of faith is worth a ton of it.

Prudence is an excellent virtue, but one drop of ruddy courage is of more use in getting the world's work done than a barrel of it.

The reason why old people must die is that they lose faith. Nature then kindly removes them. In her vast plans she wants faith. She finds it in youth.

The secret of a green old age, full of sap and

vigor is—faith in one's self, faith in one's fellows, faith in the moral purpose and power of the universe.

Salvation by Faith is not merely a religious formula. It is a psychological law.

Children are reeking with faith. That is why they are happy and hopeful.

The thing that impresss you in the successful business man is his radiant confidence.

All great poetry smells of faith.

Faith is the heart of literature, the soul of art, the inner secret of making a good bridge, a sound bank and a prosperous railroad.

Don't you think for one moment that this is an utterly materialistic age! There is no greater mistake.

The faith-pressure is ten times greater in this Twentieth Century than it was in the tenth. Only it manifests itself in a different way.

THE HUMAN MAGNET

EVERY soul is a Magnet.

From it go out invisible, mysterious currents that attract certain things and repel certain other things. It is charged with life-force that is like electricity, positive and negative.

A man will meet you, at home, in a hotel, or on the street, and as you talk together feel forty different kinds of repulsion, irritation, anger and disgust oozing out of you.

You say, "He rubs me the wrong way; he rouses all the bad in me, there's something about that fellow I don't like."

There are certain women who when they move into the neighborhood, join your church, or become members of your woman's club are sure to set everybody by the ears.

As there are "typhoid-carriers," who can spread the fever while they do not have it themselves so there are trouble-breeders who seem serene enough but have a born talent for stirring up a mess.

There is a type of boy that disrupts a boarding school, a type of man that will split his lodge or

party, a type of girl whom quarrels follow as the cholera was supposed to travel in the wake of the Wandering Jew.

All these are negative magnets.

Then there is the positive. There is the girl who makes your heart laugh when you see her, the woman who, without effort, spreads peace, the boy whose very presence gladdens, and the man who is like "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

Is there any greater joy than to feel that as you mingle with your fellows you are just pouring wine into drooping spirits, encouraging those in despair, rousing hope in the despondent, and stirring up courage in the fearful?

Really, it is about the most Simon pure, twenty-four caret, three star, guaranteed-under-the-pure-food-act happiness to be found in the pantry of the human race.

And the first lesson any human being ought to learn is that he can make himself a positive magnet.

It is not a matter of temperament, of what is born in you, and of something one cannot help.

Whoever thinks it is belongs to the Ananias club.

All you have to do is deliberately to cultivate courage, cheerfulness and white thoughts.

Swear off from ever saying or thinking such things as, "That's just my luck!" "Of course; that's just like me!" "Naturally, I am no good!"

Believe in yourself. Believe in your success. Put away like poison, every failure-thought.

You must be full of positive currents of cheer and strength if you would rouse these currents in others.

And you can accomplish this by your will and constant practice.

You exercise your arms and legs and brain to strengthen them. Why not exercise your soul, or character, or heart, or whatever you choose to call it, to make that strong.

Don't be a moral mollycoddle! Don't be a gloom! Pluck up! The world is yours, if you will not fear!

You can be a positive moral magnet. And thus you can be happy.

"The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence," says the good book, "and the violent take it by force."

THE CERTAINTY OF SUCCESS

You cannot get character any other way than by winning it.

Character is the one most important thing to acquire, and the one thing each person must get for himself.

No substitute can procure for you the capital prize in the game of life.

Your parents cannot give you character. You cannot give it to your children. It is every man for himself, and every tub on its own bottom.

We can help one another, here and there, but not nearly so much as is generally supposed. Moral agencies and immoral are both over-rated. Character, at least, is "up to me."

Heredity is overvalued. A man is so much more than a horse or a steer that human eugenics is a very imperfect science. One may inherit characteristics, but not character.

You may derive red hair or blue eyes from your father, but your character is precisely what you make it.

And for the winning of character all men are born with an equal chance.

It is only in the lesser matters of life that one

child has at birth a better start than another. For instance, one baby can begin life with more money, better parents and sounder health than another. But the other, who is at all disadvantage, is quite likely to outstrip the favored one in growing a great life.

To understand this we must keep in mind that having money and position and learning and respectability do not necessarily mean being a great man.

The element of chance plays a great part in what is loosely termed success; but in the attainment of real success there is no chance. All is law and certainty.

What a deal of whining and self-pity it would save us if we could see that!

Right now, if you care to begin, you can win the very best thing life has to offer, character, strength and beauty of soul.

Self-mastery, loyalty to truth, obedience to conscience, the absolute trust in goodness, the utter giving up of one's self to follow one's noblest convictions, these things make character, and bring real success, not maybe, but just as certain as two and two make four.

The only reason any mortal man does not believe this is because he has never tried it.

Most of us lead cheap, frayed lives of shameful compromise with our convictions. We have the lowest and most cowardly form of infidelity, to wit: that the Right will not always work.

We can't use goodness, but just a three per cent solution of goodness; not absolute honesty, but that nasty adulteration called commercial honesty; Jesus we think to be all well enough Sundays, but He didn't quite understand our modern week-day conditions.

The trouble is, we are blinded by the apparent success of Getting On, becoming Rich, and getting Elected. All of which a man may get, and usually does, at the price of his real ruin.

It's only when we brush away these touseled frauds, and get the right notion of what life means, that we perceive that the laws of life's success are pure and true and dependable, that nature has no favorites, that souls are in reality a pure democracy, and that there is no injustice after all in the heart of destiny.

My conditions, my temperament, my family, my abilities, my weaknesses, all were given me as the elements out of which I am to form that supreme thing, character.

And one set of equipments is as good as another, always provided you are not aiming to Get On, but to become great, strong and contented.

Let any man say to himself, "I can become noble-minded, large-hearted, helpful, efficient and happy. No man nor devil nor ancestors nor environment can hinder me. And this I will do. I will not set my heart on the gambling matters of money, fame or place." And you can no more stop that soul from getting what he wants than

you can stop Halley's comet. He's in God Almighty's hand.

Let him, on the contrary, guided by the "success" books that are now the fad, say, "I will be rich, famous and prominent." Ten to one he will fail. And if he succeeds, go talk to him, and you will probably find his heart bitter.

Let us prate less of believing in God and act more as if we believed in God's laws. There are many who worship Jesus with a little superstitious corner of their mind, but with all the rest of their being go in precisely for that kind of life, aims and ideals Jesus condemned.

THE JOY OF WORK

If you examine carefully all the supposed joys of life you will find that the most enduring, satisfactory and real joy is work.

But, to be joyful, work must be the kind you like.

And work, to be liked, must have two elements.

First, it must call into play one's full, normal activities.

And, second, it must be the creating of something.

The truest happiness is found in the most complete exercise of our powers.

Children are happy because they are doing with all their might all they can do. Arms, legs, lungs are busy every waking moment.

Laziness, drunkenness, sensuality and overeating are diseases that come on later in life. Those who indulge in them are happy only by fevered spells. Between these they are consumed with restlessness, doubt, ennui and despair.

The great mass of men are happy most of the time because they have their necessary work. And

where a man finds his right work it is the same to him that play is to a child.

Look at this busy humanity, doctors and lawyers, farmers, merchants, clerks, letter-carriers, engineers, masons, carpenters, writers and housemothers! Out of them, as a mighty chorus, arises the hymn of "The joy of living."

Life is pleasant because it is functioning normally.

Life is a burden only when it ceases to function.

Every faculty cries for something to do. The brain must think, plan, organize, project, imagine, reason, compare, decide.

When it has no real business upon which to use these motions, we load it with artificial concerns, such as novels, plays and travel-sights, to still its clamor and craving. But the people who are amusing their brains are not so happy as those who are using their brains.

It is better to play at work than to work at play.

The muscles demand something to do. When we refuse them, they breed poison in us. They curse us with gout and rheumatism and biliousness.

The stomach, liver, intestines, heart and lungs all demand steady employment. Give us work, they shout, or we will go on a strike. They are more cantankerous than a labor union, when they are refused employment.

The eye wants work, and the ear and every gland, pore, nerve and tendon of our frame.

And the soul wants work. We must have some one to love, some one to revere, something to suffer and to overcome.

Tannhauser grew weary in the lap of Venus; he longed for human strife and sorrow.

And a perfect hell would be a place where every sense is lulled, every appetite gorged, where there is eternal rest and nothing forever and ever to do.

Joy is a function of activity.

Soul and body pray for dangers, crises, tasks.

Perfect joy encircles as a halo the brow of the worker and the fighter.

"To him that overcometh will I give the morning star."

THE UP-TO-DATE SINNER

Modern civilization brings people into entirely new relations to each other.

Every new relation of man to man involves the necessity of a new development of conscience. Humanity remains the same, but the adjustments of humanity change.

To be good means something in 1912 different from what it meant in 1620. And the sinner of these days goes about sinning with a different technique from that used by the sinner in the days of Miles Standish.

The reason of this is, that sin is an abuse of personal relations.

The Ten Commandments run right along, of course, through the centuries; but what any one of them means deepnds upon the development of society.

Take "Thou shalt not steal!" for instance. Time was when that presented itself to men's minds as the taking by one man, with his own hands, of something that belonged to another man. It implied that the thief was a low-browed robber of hen-roosts, lived in the back alley, and

walked about with his back curved and a sneaking look.

But the thief of this advanced time doesn't steal money; he organizes a corporation. He does not filch pennies from the orphan's bank; he bears the railway stock till the orphan's trustee has to let it go, and then gobbles it all. He doesn't water the milk; he waters stock.

Sinning nowadays is done, in its neatest and most efficacious form, by wireless. Your genuine, up-to-date sinner is the long-distance sinner.

Such a one is no Bill Sikes or Fagin. He is a model husband and father. He passes the hat in church. He presides at banquets. He makes speeches to school children upon the need of honesty, industry and neatness.

Then he goes to the office, and through his modern long-distance-sinning business machine supports a lobby to corrupt the legislature, contributes to the jack-pot to elect the senator that will vote right on the tariff, refuses to better the condition of mines where lives may be lost any day, handles goods made in sweat-shops, collects income from rotten tenements—an income that reaches him disinfected by passing through four agents and two companies—charges five cents for three-cent street-car service, and a dollar for seventy-cent gas; and though an old-fashioned moralist or a publicity-seeking muckraker might say that in reality he is robbing the poor, bludgeoning the helpless, poisoning children, destroying wom-

en's virtue and throttling men's hopes, yet when you meet him, sleek, bland and immaculate, a member of the best clubs, a leading citizen, a patron of charity balls, and a giver of libraries and dormitories and bells and pipe-organs and fountains to the people, why, you cannot believe he is a sinner at all.

That is because sin these days is several miles ahead of conscience.

He is a sinner. The bandit of Hounslow Heath was an apprentice compared to him.

He is a sinner, and the very worst kind; for he is an admired and imitated and envied sinner. The old-time sinner was at least known and hated. This one is not known, and is praised.

The primitive stage-robber fleeced his tens; the modern sin-genius fleeces his ten thousands. The old time thug killed his man; the new, dress-suit, respectable, modern thug garrotes the whole people.

It is a mistake to suppose the devil has horns and a tail any more. He has manicured morals and a winning way.

The modern conscience needs jacking up.

PREJUDICE

PREJUDICE is the gross, stupid, blind giant that bars the way of human progress. His only argument is a club, his only speech an animal growl.

Prejudice is the bog into which the mind falls and nevermore goes forward, but wallows, going nowhere, every struggle bringing upon itself more slime.

Prejudice is a moral and mental kind of sleeping-sickness, a taint in the air that benumbs every faculty.

The prejudiced mind is closed. Its door has shut with a click. The lock is sprung. The bolt is shot. No light, reason or truth is admitted. Only stubborn self-will and smirking egotism are shut in.

Prejudice dries the heart; sucks it of all human kindness as one would suck an orange. One ceases to be a man. Passion may make a man a beast; prejudice makes him a devil.

Prejudice is the huge dam thrown up by vanity and insanity across the stream of human sympathies; the fresh water of love becomes the stagnant back-water of fanaticism.

Prejudice is the tyrant, the Nero of life, that

fiddles and sings while soul and body are ruined.

Whatever dethrones reason is insanity. Prejudice dethrones reason. Therefore prejudice is insanity. A perfectly good piece of logic.

The prejudice of class-consciousness is insanity. The snobs are simply crazy; whether money snobs, social snobs, or culture snobs. Nothing but a trace of idiocy could lead one man to believe he is better than another merely because of his position.

Sex prejudice means a weak mind. The disbarring of either sex from any of the normal emoluments or privileges in life is only maintained by ancient and honorable imbecility.

Race prejudice is based on ignorance. It is a hold-over from days when each tribe dwelt isolated from others and nursed feuds, hates and angers as the necessary spirit for continual warfare. To despise a person because he is a German, Frenchman, Japanese or Negro reveals a streak of infantile paralysis of the mind. Those who know other races know they have not only faults we have not but also excellences we cannot attain.

Family prejudice is an inherited trait of primitive village mania. The place for feuds is in the insane asylums. To look down upon a man because he is a Johnson or a McCann is to reveal one's intelligence as incapable of ordinary judgment.

Theological prejudice is, thank God! a thing of

the past. But what heaven-high crimes it has committed, what outrage upon humanity! It has tortured and slain bodies enough to pile high as the statehouse, and broken hearts enough and darkened souls enough to make the whole globe a hell, could all the victim spirits be brought back.

Open the mind's door. Kick out expediency. Let in truth.

You are hospitable with your table, be hospitable in your thoughts.

Bring reason up from the cellar, where you have confined him, and set him up as your proper lord and master.

Let love have its way, to prove to you that it is the greatest thing in the world.

Expel your pack of pet prejudices; hound dogs they are, and liable to go mad any minute and bite you and those you love.

Cultivate what Matthew Arnold called "sweet reasonableness."

"Men," cried Rousseau, "be human! It is your first duty!"

It was not "sin" as we commonly use the word, but PREJUDICE that poisoned Socrates, crucified Jesus, burnt Savonarola, assassinated Lincoln, and has stood in the way of every spiritual advance of mankind, every forward step of science, every improvement in education and government, and every wholesome growth of the human mind and heart.

IS MONEY THE MAIN THING?

MONEY is not the real incentive. It seems so, but it is not. The real motive that gets men to work is the desire to serve.

We won't acknowledge this. The Anglo-Saxon is temperamentally ashamed of any high-sounding claim. He blushes at his own good deeds and loudly disclaims unselfishness. Usually he believes he is telling the truth about himself. But he is mistaken. He is nobler than he suspects.

Take the girl at the pie counter, the workman laying brick, the clerk in the bank, the railway conductor and the grocer. Ask them why they get up every morning and go to work, and they will answer promptly, "To make money. No sentiment goes with me. I want cash. I work because I need the wages."

It is not very hard to prove that this is not true. Put one of these people at an entirely useless business, where he gets something for nothing, and no matter what the gain he will by and by resign. This does not apply to rascals, get-rich-quick Wallingfords, and the hangers-on of useless institutions, but to plain, ordinary folks. Only a small fraction of the human race is para-

sitic, but the main portion of mankind would be unhappy if it got money any other way than by giving value received, or at least by thinking so.

Down in their hearts the lunch-counter waitress, the brickmason, the conductor and the grocer believe they are rendering a service to humanity. It is this feeling that renders them cheerful and self-respecting.

The only class that is happy in work is the class that gives real service. You have noticed that letter-carriers, farmers and mechanics as a rule are cheerful. They whistle as they labor. The beggar, thief and sycophant do not whistle.

The endowed class and the parasite class as a rule furnish the hypochondria, neurasthenia, morbidity, ennui, restlessness, crime and general mully-grubs for the world. Only a rare and superior soul can stand drawing a stipend just because he is somebody's son. Most of those who inherit independent wealth inherit world-weariness.

A bright woman once said, "I suppose if I should have a million dollars the first thing I would do would be to get a cancer."

Contentment is a by-product of service.

Carlyle's preachment was sound: "In God's name, produce something! Find your work!"

Would you be willing to stand, with your hat in your hand, at the church door and beg, even if you could make fifty dollars a day? Not as a steady employment. You hate to be a beggar. You want to earn what you get. Which means

simply that the reward of service, without the service rendered, is sickening to a healthy soul.

This idea of service as the essential element of life is the most vital idea of the Twentieth Century. The King of Portugal failed to do his work and lost his job. The President of the United States knows he will have to make good. The Czar of Russia had to go. The Manchus in China ceased to serve the people and fell upon grievous times.

One has made a genuine discovery when he has grasped the fact that joy is a thing that is fast linked to service. Then he will cease indulging in idle, feverish dreams of millions and prominence. For the man who is not somehow serving humanity invariably gets a dark brown taste in his soul.

DISGRUNTLED HONESTY

"THERE's no use being honest," said the man in the smoking car as he viciously bit off the end of his cigar, applied a match and blew out a puff of smoke as if he hated it. "It's the smooth rascal that gets there. If you want to get on in this world you've got to bluff. The fellows that do good work are not the ones that get the plums; it's the fellows that hand out the 'con.' Life's a confidence game. The bunko man is king."

This is here written down as a sample of about the worst sort of infidelity. For the infidel that does the real harm is the man who loses belief in the value of being straight, clean, true, and kind.

You may doubt the New Jerusalem and the bad place, you may be a skeptic about the Jonah story and refuse to have faith in Mrs. Eddy, Our Lady of Lourdes and the Thirty-nine Articles and possibly worry along and be a tolerably decent sort of a person; but if you fall into belief of the omnipotence of skull-duggery and bluster you are surely in a bad way.

As far back as Solomon those who understood knew that the worst thing that can happen to a mean man, a cheat, thief or rogue, is to succeed.

The end of every hog is the slaughter house. Sooner or later the butcher gets him.

When toadying, trickery, and lying get the prize away from you, that is not the time to be disgusted and say things.

You don't understand. That is the time to laugh. Life would not be funny if virtue were always rewarded at once. To see the jackdaw with peacock feathers stuck in its tail, to see the peanut thinking he's a cocoanut, to see the frog swelling up till he thinks he is a cow—that is the comedy of existence. It is to laugh.

There was a deal of philosophy in the man in the story who was attacked on the sidewalk by a drunken Irishman, who knocked him down and rolled him into the gutter, exclaiming: "There! Lay there, ye dom Swede!" The man arose laughing. As the Irishman passed on, wondering and muttering, the man still laughed. Someone who had seen the occurrence asked him what he was laughing about.

"That's a good yoke on that feller," said the man. "He thought ay bane a Swede, and ay ban Norwegian!"

To be sure the rascal does succeed, and too often. But success is not everything. A man has his life to live. He has to keep a face he is not ashamed to look at in the glass while he is shaving. He has to have a memory that will let him sleep. He has to keep a mouth fit to kiss his wife with. And, most of all, he has to keep eyes

that are not afraid to look into the eyes of his children.

And still more, he wants to feel good while he is doing it. The half of honesty is lost if it doesn't make you happy.

"Godliness with contentment is great gain," says the Bible.

Disgruntled goodness is half rotten.

SUPERSTITION

Of course you are not superstitious. No one will admit the general impeachment. But in most of us there lurk spooks in little dark corners of the mind.

There is not a thing in the thirteen bugaboo, still have you not met intelligent people who would not care to sit with twelve others at the table?

Doesn't it give you the least bit of a qualm to look at the moon over your left shoulder?

And can you help feeling a little depressed when the fortune-teller at the charity fair tells you that there is to be a death in the family, probably within the year? Pshaw! you take no stock in such silly stuff—but—still——

There's the rub, "but—still!" Some of the taint is in our blood.

Let us face the matter squarely. Let us go through our minds and pull up all those little weeds. They seem insignificant, but they contaminate the intelligence and taint the free affections.

Defy, combat, and oust the last one of your superstitions, whatever they may be, whether like old Dr. Johnson, you are afraid to enter a room with your left foot first, or to pick up a pin with

its point (or its head, I forget which) toward you, or to begin a journey on Friday (and do you know that transatlantic liners do not dare sail on Friday?), or to spill salt without throwing a pinch over your shoulder, or to carry a spade through the house for fear some one will be digging your grave, or to open an umbrella indoors, or to plant potatoes in the light of the moon, or any such idiocies.

These things are more serious than you suppose. They are "survivals"; that is, remnants of inherited weakness. Any one of them is a small decayed spot on the apple of your soul, liable to spread. Cut them out.

There's enough, goodness knows, in Nature and her accurate retributions, to be afraid of, without fearing things that have no ground in reason.

Write it down in your memorandum book that whatever fear has no clear linking of cause and effect, cannot stand the light, and consists merely in vague dread, is unworthy of consideration by a thinking being.

All fear is not bad. Nothing needs the application of reason so much as fear. One ought to fear to eat poison, or to catch cold, or to stand on the track when a locomotive is coming. Also it is written that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Life is preserved by such healthful cowardice of things that may prove destructive.

All great laws of nature have their rear guards of terror; the body-laws of nutrition, breathing and exercise; the mind-laws of study or of idleness; and the spirit-laws, such as the consequences of love and hate, loyalty and perversion; every one of these has its penalty, or call it sequence, attached, and one who does not have a wholesome fear of it is a fool.

But superstition is an inane contortion of fear, and is utterly demoralizing. If a man is afraid to overeat, it makes him healthy; but if he is afraid of ghosts it makes him imbecile. If he fears to lie, it makes him manly; but if he fears the "prophecy" of some charlatan it makes him childish.

We talk about this being a free country, but a free country is not of much use to us so long as we are servile spirits.

Make your personal Declaration of Independence.

Have a little Fourth of July all your own, and revolt against all cheap, tawdry, irrational fears.

PREMONITIONS

LEND me some hard words!

Of all the fool asinine, silly, childish, contemptible, dangerous, morbid, wicked and entirely abominable toadstools that grow in the soul's garden, the Premonition is the worst.

The most joint-loosening, sinew-softening, marrow-melting, courage-sapping of mental poisons, the head and front of all noxious manias, is the feeling that "something is going to happen."

The writer knows whereof he writes. For he inherited from the mother's side a predisposition to this weakness. Many a time when leaving the house he has felt come over him the certainty that he would never return. Often when coming home he has dreaded to open the door, being possessed of a peculiar conviction that he would find some member of the family a corpse. Boarding a train, the picture of that train being wrecked has taken swift seizure of his mind.

For the comfort of those similarly affected he may say that never once has a premonition of his come true, and whenever any ill-luck did befall him the faithless apprehension had failed to ring the bell.

Without undue boasting, therefore, he can say now that he has entirely rid himself of this uncomfortable obsession. There are things he fears, but he is not afraid of nothing.

Psychic research and mental telepathy and such things may be of some use (all things are possible), but they certainly do no end of harm. We have all read of those strange instances where a mother is strangely depressed at 3 P.M. on Saturday and it turns out afterward that her son broke his leg at that same hour, and how a man has a horrible dream on July 7 only to discover later that his friend had an ear bitten off in a discussion in Wolfville, Arizona, on that date.

Novels and dramas feed the poison fumes. The heroine is oppressed all morning with forebodings, and in the afternoon, sure enough, Lord Edward, who had sworn to be true to her, elopes with the French maid. In real life the premonitions are due to an overdose of buckwheat cakes for breakfast, and Lord Edward cuts his stick on a day when Lady Clara Vere de Vere is feeling particularly chirpy.

If one will sponge all this dream business, all these vague, bilious forebodings from the mental slate, and determine forevermore not to be afraid unless there is some intelligent ground for it, he will be wiser, healthier and happier.

The utter uselessness of premonitions is shown in this; that even if true they are of no value, for they never fortify us to meet calamity, but on the

contrary, weaken us and enfeeble us to succumb before it.

If bad luck, accident or even death is coming, the best preparation for it is a stout heart and a brain undrugged by the nonsense of dread.

"But how shall one get rid of an obstinate premonition?"

First try your reason, if any.

If it cannot be reasoned away, then try diversion. Think of something else. Engage in some business or amusement that takes your mind away from the subject.

If you have any religion, use it. For all decent religions are based upon the care of an intelligent Father of all.

And if none of these things bring relief, go to your physician and get a pill. Probably, after all, the difficulty lies in the liver.

THE DEMOCRACY OF HIGHER THINGS

Did you ever think what a God's blessing it is that only money and money stuffs can be monopolized?

They can corner wheat, but not wisdom. They can control all the beef in the country, but not love, which runs free, and may be had by a poor rapscallion for a soft look where all the fat packers in Christendom could not buy it. They may fence in their private parks and set burly watchmen with guns at their gates, but old Nature is too big and wide for 'em, and any craft may sail the ocean, any haunted foot escape to the mountains, and any eye, soul-weary, roam the sky of stars. Lord This and Banker That may boast each of a Gainsborough or a Millet, securely locked up in his town house, where none can see it but those who come properly recommended, but the greatest masterpieces of the world will not rest until they get to the free gaze of the commonalty, and any human being now may for a trifle go and see the Sistine Madonna at Dresden, Michel Angelo's figures on the tomb of the Medici in Florence, the

Venus de Milo in the Louvre at Paris, and Watts and Turner in the London galleries. They may collect first editions and indulge in rare bindings and hoard them for the delectation of the few, but the gods of literature are the gods of the many; Dante, Goethe, Shakespeare, Molière and Cervantes any child may have and welcome if he will but go to the free library, and, for a few pennies, he may own them. Time was when only kings and nobles knew and kept in their own counsel what the whole world was doing, but you can buy the secrets of empires nowadays and the news of everywhere from Ponkapog to Pesth daily for a copper cent. Even God, who was once walled in by the hierarchies of all nations, and heaven, to which admission was in time past reserved for the elect only, are now the property of any least son of man; for

> "'Tis only heaven that is given away;
> 'Tis only God may be had for the asking."

We make a monstrous hullabaloo about socialism; do we realize that all the higher riches of life are and have been a long time common property? Can anybody own an idea, for instance? An idea about life cannot be copyrighted, patented or branded; it will escape from any corral and race away to join the common herd; it is never satisfied until it pours, like the hurrying river, into the ocean of humanity.

Carlyle was contemptuous of democracy, and there may be many yet who fear the unchecked people; but mankind has never risen to greatness in any field except by democracy. There is no privilege, no exclusiveness, no upper crust, no inner circle, nor esoteric chosen ones, except in the cheap and tawdry affairs of life.

Whatever the rare enlightened souls only can understand is a humbug; set it down. Whatever but one genius here and there can do is a trick, an unbalanced abnormality. There is no hereditary nobility in character. There are no kings in goodness. There are no chosen few in greatness. Manliness, womanhood, and all that makes man or woman fine and true and strong and sweet and divine, are open to every comer; indeed, stand knocking at the door of every human creature.

Have done, then, with your puling about having no chance, and with trying to break into this or that set. Take the open road, and feel what it is to be a man! And, as you go, you may sing the song of Walt Whitman, the poet of democracy:

"I utter my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world."

THE ROAD TO CONTENTMENT

How would you like to have a hundred people thinking about you, and their thought a pleasant glow? A hundred people who whenever your name is mentioned make some complimentary remark, and when you are attacked or sneered at defend you warmly?

A hundred friends would seem to be worth more, in terms of downright satisfaction, than a hundred canes in your rack, a hundred plates in your dining-room, a hundred rare coins in your drawer, or a hundred of any other of those things we tend to accumulate.

You can have these hundred allies within three months time. The method of creating them is quite simple. It is this:

Whenever you hear any one's name mentioned make some flattering observation about him.

Keep this up for three months. During this period never indulge in one criticism of any person, dead or alive. Make it one quarter of a year of solid, unbroken blarney. And see what happens.

You will discover strange welcomes in unsuspected places. Men when introduced to you, as

they catch your name, will suddenly grow cordial. Women when you meet them will look at you with curious and warm interest. Strangers will cross over to you in the street car and say, "Excuse me, but is not this Mr. Brown? I've heard of you and just wanted to meet you. From all I've heard, you're one of our kind of folks." You will begin to taste the honey of popularity.

Furthermore, you will find yourself elevated, in a way, above your fellows. In the course of his tirade even the pessimist will pause to make an exception of you. You will be treated with marked consideration at the town meeting. And, the first thing you know, you will begin yourself to suspect that you are somebody. Your self-respect will rise. With it will rise also your self-complacency.

You will grow cheerful. This will affect your body. Your liver will be encouraged, your stomach will behave, and your nerves will disappear.

This will in turn operate upon your mind. When an unpleasant idea comes to you a swarm of agreeable thoughts will surround and overwhelm it.

You can sleep. Comfortable mental images will escort you every night into soothing unconsciousness. Engaging dreams will be the cinematographic diversion of your slumber. And you will awake in the morning and actually be in a half-decent temper before breakfast.

It will alter your theology, revise your creed, mellow your philosophy, and altogether so change

you for the better that your children won't recognize you and your wife will fear you are taking down with some mortal disease or that you are concealing some crime.

And all so easy! All to be accomplished by a brief three months' course of flattery. You will not have to lie. Something agreeable may be said even of the devil, of whom the kindly old lady remarked when others were slandering him that at least his persistency was commendable.

And remember that every human being is susceptible to flattery; and, as has been truly said, even the man who boasts that no one can flatter him is tickled when you tell him that the one thing you admire in him is that he cannot be flattered.

THE GOOD SPORT

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT told the cowboys at Cheyenne that he liked the western men because they are "good sports."

Sport, like some other words, has spread into widely variant meanings. A sport may signify a profligate, drunkard and spendthrift, just as in base mouths the word love may stand for shameful things; but it also signifies that type of man who is most popular among Americans—a good loser.

Only a good loser is a real man.

The one thing English-blooded people like is a game of some sort. A game has two elements; skill, effort and struggle as one part, and chance as the other.

We love not only to pit ourselves against our fellows, but also against destiny. Nothing satisfies us so downrightly as a fight.

So long as business contains the two elements above mentioned it is interesting. The bad feature of big business, as it is now developing, is that all chance is being eliminated. When a man or a corporation "sits in" at the game with a hundred million dollars worth of chips it ceases

to be a game; it is a certainty. When it becomes "heads I win tails you lose" the performance is rather dull. It is not a fight; it's a killing.

But so long as men are mortal the chief concerns of life will always partake of the nature of a game. No trust system, no socialism, communism nor nationalism will ever remove the healthy strife between individuals for the prizes of life, whether the struggle be cruel or humane, vicious or good-natured.

The schoolboy will want to get to the head of his class, the white-goods salesman will want to take more orders than his competitor, the lover will always have rivals for the hand of his adored one, and Jones will desire, until the heavens be no more, to live in a finer house and ride in a silkier automobile than Robinson.

And as a general rule the onlooker will cry, go in and win! The youth's banner will always carry the banner with the device, "Excelsior!"

But it will also continue always to be true that any one of us will fail about ten times to where he wins once.

And it is in failure that the stuff we are made of is discovered. If we sulk and are sore, if we give "reasons" why we lose, if we decry the winner, we are small—just petty and mean. But if we have learned the art of bobbing up serenely, wishing the best man luck, bearing no malice, smiling and not pouting, then we shall show ourselves to be as good men as the victor, if not better men.

And here is a secret not generally known. You have heard how nothing succeeds like success. A truer truth is that nothing succeeds like failure. Everybody loves the successful; but everybody loves much more heartily the cheerful loser.

Take an inventory of your acquaintances and mark those that are the most popular, those you yourself like best. They are not the capable, clever, lucky fellows, those that get on the most rapidly and draw the most pay, but they are those who when they fall get up and brush off the dust and go at it again as jolly as ever, those who are swindled and don't whine, unfortunate and keep sweet, and those who miss the prize but refuse to be grouchy.

There is nothing one man can say of another that is such a compliment, and carries with it such appreciation of the whole gist of manliness, as the commendation Roosevelt gave the cowboy: "He is a good sport."

THE CHILD WITH NO GIFTS

If, mother, your child has no gifts, you really ought to be very glad.

As he grows up you are perhaps disappointed that he does not seem to take to the piano; he can never be a virtuoso on the violin, his teacher tells you, he is no marvel at figures like the Jones boy, he has not the Smith boy's amazing memory, he is not saving enough to give promise of ever becoming a master of finance, he is ungifted in public speaking; in fine, he is just a plain, ordinary boy.

Stop and ask yourself what you most deeply wish for him. You would like him to be famous, doubtless, to get on, possibly to get elected. But would you not after all wish most that he should be happy, honest, good, and useful? Naturally.

In other words, you would, in your heart, get for your child life itself, in its fulness and richness, rather than any of the adornments or appurtenances of life.

Then here is something for your comfort. Every gift that singles a boy out above his fellows is a threat to life.

Further, every opportunity or advantage over his fellows is a menace to life.

It is hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom, we are told. The reason is simply that he is privileged. And the tendency to privilege of any kind is to corrode character.

It is therefore hard for the gifted orator, violinist, beauty, or other abnormally endowed man or woman to enter the kingdom; which, of course, means to live a full, rounded, joyous life.

All the real greatness of any human being lies in that part of him which he possesses in common with the general mass of human beings.

One may be a great actor, a great singer, even a great preacher, and still be a very small, wretched human being.

Of course, it is possible for a gifted person, such as a famous diva, a wonderful orator, a noted writer, an inventive wizard, a financial genius, or a beautiful woman, to be a great human being; just as it is among the possibilities (for, it was said, all things are possible, with God) for the rich man to squeeze into the kingdom, and for the camel to get through the needle's eye; but the chances are against it.

And the chances are decidedly in favor of the ungifted child (not the stupid nor defective, but the ordinary, evenly endowed child), becoming the most successful man, in the true sense of the word, of all men.

For the ungifted is likely to have the most com-

mon sense, which is much better in this work-a-day world than any kind of uncommon sense.

He will be less liable to excess, which is the fool-killer's other name.

He stands a better chance for becoming a good husband and father, also a valuable citizen. And it means something to make a woman and children and neighbors glad you are alive.

He has a ten to one advantage in the race for happiness.

Ethically he is the most promising. For sound morals and true religion are largely matters of balance.

And the probability is that, whereas your fledgling geniuses if they get on will give you occasional thrills of pride, your ugly duckling, your ungifted offspring, will be the cheer of your days and the delight of your old age.

THE WORKING GIRL

If I were looking for a wife (which I am not, since I have been married and done for these many years), I would rather marry my stenographer (though I have none, as people who sell soap and dry goods have more money with which to hire stenographers than have the people who write for the papers)—I say, if I were wife-hunting I would rather marry my stenographer, whom I doubtless could know pretty well, than to take my chances with a young lady (or older lady, for that matter, and the older the lady the more the chances) artificially dressed and mannered in a winter ballroom, or artificially undressed and unmannered at a summer resort, for of her I should probably know nothing at all, until too late.

The entrance of women into the world's work is one of the most significant of modern social facts.

Some think it is full of threat. They fear the loosening of the moralities. This fear, I am sure, is unfounded.

It brings up the old question of what makes goodness, protection from without or strength

from within. And to this the true answer perhaps is that it takes a little of both.

But what all should keep in mind is that while a human being may go wrong now and then, from weakness or perversion, the one thing that is utterly incorruptible is humanity. You cannot corrupt a whole people. The "common run" of folks always have been and always will be measurably decent and honest.

Women as a rule will always be good women. Shop girls are quite as moral as young ladies at home. Perhaps more so, for in them virtue is not due to ignorance and inexperience, but is of tougher fibre, as is every excellence that is wrought by use and courage.

But we need make no comparisons. For there is really no difference in classes of women. I have known a good many actresses and a good many preachers' wives; and one class is about as womanly as the other.

Woman is eternally the same, that is to say, eternally different, of course, wherever you put her. If she is self-respecting, gentle and high-minded, sitting in satin parlors, sleeping in luxurious bedrooms, and riding in six thousand dollar automobiles, she would be just as high-minded, gentle and self-respecting if she had to sit behind glove counters, ride in five-cent street cars, and sleep in hall bedrooms, where the smell of fish comes in from the corridors, creeps through the transom, and mingles with the fragrant smoke

that blows in at the window from a neighboring factory.

Of course, girls entering business are exposed to temptation. Every change in established custom exposes one to temptation. It is dangerous for the country merchant to come to New York to buy goods. It is dangerous to send a boy to college. It is dangerous for the parson to go to Europe. It is dangerous to send the hired man to town to buy a new currycomb. The only safe thing to do is to die.

But restriction is not character, neither is custom. They are substitutes for character, and poor ones.

Young people should be guarded, but only with the intent of enabling them to develop strength enough to need no guarding. Law is only valuable as a training for freedom.

The Salvation Army lassies poking about the slums are quite as pure and holy as were the cloistered nuns of the middle ages. They come upon the vileness of men as sunlight falls upon mud; the mud is dried up and the sunlight is untainted.

A good woman is antiseptic.

I believe the working woman is making a new and better type of womanhood, the Pallas Athene woman of the future, fearless, clear-eyed and sane, and just as sweet as ever.

To the end of time men and women will go on loving and mating, having children and building homes for them. Under no possible circum-

stances is this race going to lapse into the sink of free love, any more than it will take to universal riot and murder, for the simple reason that free love is death to the finest, strongest and dearest idyll of humanity, which is—loyal love.

EVERYDAY MYSTERIES

THE irregular verbs in any language are the most commonly used verbs. For instance, in all tongues the verb "to be," employed oftener than any other, is distressingly variant. Witness our English forms, "am, was, been, be."

And as with verbs, so it is with things themselves. The strangest, most wonderful and most unexplainable things are those that are parts of everyday life, things to do with daily, hourly.

Things remote are plain enough. Men know the movement of the stars so accurately that they can calculate eclipses to the minute and tell precisely the time Halley's comet is due to emerge from the unseen depths of heaven. But most of us manage to get along without bothering our heads about eclipses or comets.

But why does an acorn make an oak and a bulb make a hyacinth flower out of the same soil?

Two plants side by side in the garden make, one a red and the other a blue flower; why?

Why do things ferment? "The gap in our knowledge we feel most keenly," says Dr. Loeb, "is the fact that the chemical character of the

catalyzers (the enzymes or ferments) is still unknown."

What is digestion and assimilation? How do beef and bread become finger nails and eyeballs and teeth? And how does air in the lungs purify the blood?

Why are some vibrations of matter received perceived by the ear as sound, others by the eye as sight, and others by the nose as odor?

And then there are these great utterly baffling puzzles, without which human existence would mean nothing: Love, Conscience, and Life.

Of course, we know something of the habits and laws of these mysterious things, but of the reality of the things themselves not one whit.

Men are no nearer a knowledge of the intimate, common mysteries of life now than they were in the stone age.

We know a bit more how to use electricity, but no more of what electricity is.

What is Life itself? We know no more than Adam knew. "All the new knowledge which the scientific laboratories have brought us," writes Peter Cook, "has simply shown us how insufficient and utterly untenable all our theories concerning life are. We know it is not a force in any ordinary sense of the term. It cannot be measured by footpounds, it is not an energy, exerts no pressure, cannot be converted into anything else, has no dimensions and no mass. It is not a chemical affinity, nor ever so tenuous an emanation of mat-

ter. It adds no new quality to any atom or molecule. It cannot change or oppose any chemical or physical law. Yet it guides both chemical and physical forces, exhibits sensation and consciousness, purpose, and will. It is a point blank contradiction and very nearly a philosophical impossibility in scientific systems. What is it?"

Thirty years ago there was a cocksure propaganda of "science," and we were led to believe that all things that could not be "explained" would soon be brushed away as nonsense.

In recent scientific writings it is a pleasure to note that the abiding mysteries of existence are being recognized. A deep reverence is again observable in our foremost biologists and physicists.

At the same time, Chesterton, the most brilliant figure in present day letters, takes for the keynote of his gospel the fact that it is from life's mysteries and not life's certainties that man draws his greatness. In his "Ballad of the White Horse" he hits the matter off with his usual pungency:

> When all philosophies shall fail
> This word alone shall fit:
> That a sage feels too small for life
> And a fool too large for it.

THE LOVE OF PRAISE

One of the keenest pleasures of existence is to be able to do something, to do it, and to get praised for it.

Half of the fun of writing a book, said Frank Norris, is to read what people say about it.

Say what you please about the love of praise, if there is anything that just tastes better to a man or woman I don't know what it is. Quite aside from the questions whether it be naughty, or sinful, or low, or selfish, or what not, concentrate your mind for a moment on this one point—that it tastes good. Oh, better than honey in the honeycomb, better than chocolate creams and champagne waters and other things that are not good for you, as good as tobacco, almost as good as kisses.

It is very grand and heroic to do a noble deed and let no one find it out. But it's a deal more satisfactory to be caught and exposed.

And what is it to love praise but a keen sense of appreciation of our fellow-men's opinions?

So, if you love me tell me so. If you do not like me, please go away. It's a roomy world.

And even if we both go to heaven I doubt not there will be stars enough so that you can dwell among the Seven Sisters and I can wag along somewhere in the tail of the Big Dog.

Not doing a thing, or doing a thing poorly and getting praised for it, does not taste good to a healthy man. For that reason one would imagine that kings and people with nothing but money would sour in their souls. To be eternally kowtowed to, and to be called your majesty, when you know perfectly well you are not majestic, that would make a man want to take to the woods. The most rational princesses would seem to be those that elope with coachmen just for the sake of being treated as a woman.

But to do a thing, something worth while, to put through a business deal, to make a perfect instrument, to shoe a horse well, to bake an ideal batch of bread, to paint a picture, or chisel a statue, or compose or perform a piece of music, or to preach a sermon, or to act a part upon the stage, and to feel that in any one of these ways you have succeeded—there's a fine, healthful glow about that. And then when the applause comes, when bouquets are thrown, when your friend hurrahs, and even when your enemy is forced to say it's not half bad, that is one of the sunlit peaks of bliss here below.

Happiness has been defined as the perfect use of one's faculties, the free expression of one's personality. But that is only one-half of happiness;

the other half is to have people appreciate what you do.

The servant in the parable doubtless was sustained all along by the consciousness of industry and probity, but his joy was like a bulb in the earth, growing secretly; it never burst into bloom and fragrance until he heard his master say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant! Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things."

Of course, the love of praise can be carried too far, but what good thing cannot? Some persons overfeed, but shall we then have no more cakes and ale?

Love is good, but love returned raises it to the hundredth power. Kindness is good, but gratitude blows its pleasurableness from a spark to a flame.

They tell us that even God likes to be thanked.

THE WAY OF LOOKING AT THINGS

WHEN King Solomon built his temple he so arranged it that the whole structure arose without the sound of a hammer. The Book of Kings says:

"And the house when it was building was built by stone made ready before it was brought thither; so that there was neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was building." The same idea occurs in Jehovah's instruction to Moses concerning the altar of stones he was to erect when he had got over Jordan:

"Thou shalt build the altar of the Lord thy God of whole stones; thou shalt not lift up any iron tool upon them."

There is a very beautiful fancy in this. Man's supreme work is to be done without clash and confusion.

And is not this true of the best work we do? We say we have had to struggle for what we have won in this world; but, after all, are the things we fought for the ones most worth while?

We wrestle and strain and strike and cry to obtain money; it means shoving and pushing to attain prominence; but, running over your circle

of acquaintances and noting those that have heaped up much plunder or have made their way to an envied position in the social world, do you find them markedly cheerful and content? They have built their success with the noise of the hammer, and their spiritual house is decidedly cold and draughty.

In your own life you find that the best things in you have matured quietly and without friction. And what a wonderful thing it would be if we could live our lives smoothly from beginning to end?

Impossible? Outwardly, yes; inwardly, no. And confusion and uproar are not so bad without if we can only keep them from getting within us.

So I will give you a recipe for building your inner house without lifting up any iron tool upon it.

It is this: It is not things that matter; it is all in the way you look at things.

Nothing is intolerable except your attitude of mind.

Ponder this long before you reject it. It may mean a reversal of all your notions of life. It may even anger you to be told that after all there is no trouble but the trouble you make. It is irritating to be told that it is all one's own fault. But think it over seriously.

It is no new or cheap and frivolous recipe. For it is the basis of all the great religions. It is the underlying truth of Buddhism, of Mohammedan-

ism, of Christianity. It is the secret of the Catholic saints, the Protestant mystics, and the Christian Scientists. In fact, every reformation or new religion but goes back and restates this primal truth.

Happiness means harmony with your conditions; it means adjustment. And one has made his greatest step toward permanent happiness when he has discovered that it is vastly easier to adjust himself to the universe than it is to adjust the universe to himself.

Bringing up children is usually a stormful undertaking. It would save a deal of scolding and heart-hurt, worry, and conflict, if the mother would set herself to learn what her children are, study their dispositions and natural tendencies, and try to adapt herself to them, instead of crucifying herself endeavoring to get them to conform to her notions of what they ought to be.

Any task approached in the right way is easy. Any calamity, if it be mixed with nobleness and wisdom in the mind of him to whom it happens, is a spiritual opportunity. Even the cross was the redemption of the world.

We cannot all be gifted, nor rich, nor prominent; we cannot all be preëminent, as every tree in the forest cannot be the tallest; but we can all be great, great-souled if we will, great in poise and heroism of mind.

And the great soul is not tugging at things; he is tugging at himself, that he may learn the way of looking at things.

THE CLASSIC

PERHAPS the best definition of classic is that given by Lowell: "Something that can be simple without being vulgar, elevated without being distant, that is neither ancient nor modern, always new and incapable of growing old."

Let us examine this sentence.

"Simple without being vulgar." It is simplicity that is the hall-mark of greatness. Only little souls or crazy souls are foggy and shrouded in mystery in their utterance. Long, hard words are the sign of mental strut. When any one knows a thing thoroughly he can make an old apple woman see it. Esoteric wisdom is nine-tenths humbug. When the greatest Teacher that ever lived came to this earth to explain the deepest of subjects, He talked so little children understood him.

Long words, as Chesterton says, are not the hard words; it is the short ones that are hard. For instance "condemn" has a nice, soft sound, while "damn," which means precisely the same thing, is hard and jagged as a brickbat.

The difficulty with being simple is that, unless one is great-souled, he is apt to be vulgar. For

most of us it is well to be complex. Then we will not be found out.

"Elevated without being distant." That means so genuinely great we can afford to be familiar. This again is too hard for most of us. Small souls do well to keep at a distance. For this reason families have so much trouble; the members thereof are too close.

"Neither ancient nor modern." Only that is great which is written for all time and for all men.

"Always new and incapable of growing old." This is, perhaps, the essence of true classicism. Dickens has refused to die. Dante is not a fad; no fad can live six centuries. Time is the fatal test.

And the secret of being permanent is being real. We should weary of the sun and stars if they were painted.

Whatever you do that is the pure expression of your own personality, that flows from your own thought and feeling as a rose develops from the stem, is classic.

If the most commonplace man in the world knew how to tell the truth about what he saw, felt, and heard, his utterance would be classic.

THE COLLEGE PRESIDENT

You may talk about your blind beggar at the gate, your starving widow with nine small children and one at the breast, your shipwrecked sailor, your lovelorn lass, your heathen in his blindness who bows down to wood and stone, and all the rest of your suffering fellow men, but to my mind the one who most deserves our sympathy, our helping hand and amiable tear is the college president.

It is when I observe a live, husky male of my species going about college presidenting that I am amazed at the powers of endurance in man, and at the amount of pressure one can stand without going stark mad.

For the college president stands upon the tiptop peak of respectability. He is the breathing image of the proper thing. He is that most awful of human abnormalities, an Example. An example may be all well enough to follow, but fancy being one!

Upon him has descended the spirit of all those males that wear women's clothes, such as abbots, bishops, and all ecclesiastics, judges upon the bench, and monarchs upon the throne, and the

worthy plasterer and harness maker in those hours of effulgence when they assume the title of noble grand patriarch or thrice exalted ruler of the lodge of the Order of Oriental Princes that meets Thursdays over the grocery and stays up as late as 10:30 o'clock.

He is not expected to do anything. He is to not do things. Any evidence of individuality gets him into hot water. He is to sink himself into the glory of the grand old Kalamazoo University, as the mediæval ascetic was swallowed up in divine grace, as the Buddhist fades into Nirvana, as "the dewdrop slips into the shining sea"—"Om mani padmi om!" His reputation is wholly a matter of being safe. The amount of caution he carries about is beyond belief. It is like carrying one's pockets stuffed with dynamite. If I were elected president of a college I should stipulate that, as part of my salary, I should get one complete dinner set of Haviland china per week, also one axe; by retiring to my chamber and applying the axe to the china once a week I might remain sane, but I don't know.

A college president cannot lie, but, what is worse, he cannot tell the truth—that is, indiscriminately. Upon every syllable of his lips, upon every gesture of his hand rests the awful gaze of Young Persons, who may be started upon the Downward Path or may be boosted upward by the slightest wrinkle in the college presidential countenance. Hence immobility is forced upon his

face, silence or platitudes gag his mouth, propriety binds his hands. Hence they rob banks. I have no proof that any have been caught robbing a bank; but it must follow as a psychological necessity they just have to rob banks.

Rush up to a college president and ask if it is Tuesday, and ten to one he will not dare answer yes or no. He gets in the habit of weighing the moral influence of all his statements, and when one forms that habit he gets out of the way of telling the truth—recklessly. God Almighty can let it be Tuesday once a week, regardless of consequences, but the college president has to be careful.

And then think of the receptions he has to attend. I have seen all the devices for torture in the collections at Nuremburg and Regensburg, but nothing the Holy Inquisition contrived can equal a reception. Whenever a social protuberance takes place, whether a new pastor arrives, or the governor comes to town, or some old woman with money imports a celebrity, our poor college president has to be sacrificed; he must don his dress suit; stand around first on one leg and then on the other for hours until his back is broken and his knee joints paralyzed, must freeze his insides with ice cream and lemonade, and must speak forth and listen to bromides unceasing, until he goes home to toss all night upon his bed in fear that possibly he may have said something.

Thus he lives on, the pitiful victim of our modern cruelty, until early in life he dies, and his

remains continue the performance and go forward, eating at thousands of indigestible banquets, accumulating capital letters behind the name, garnering endowments wherewith to perpetuate the system, until at last his body is put under a large stone in the cemetery and his face is exposed forever in the college chapel, just to show a gaping world what a man can suffer and yet exist.

DEATH

THERE is something fascinating, blinding in the thought of death.

We call the monks of old morbid who were obsessed by it, wrote "Remember Death!" upon their cell walls, and had skulls among their daily furniture; and, perhaps, they were morbid, and, perhaps, the idea of death is too strong a liquor for use in the morning; but, for all that, there is something in death that makes men great, unseals the wells of poetry, and smells of eternal youth.

How was it that Wagner could find no fit climax for the mighty loves of Tristan and Isolde except in death? Why do the murders of Socrates, Joan of Arc, and Lincoln place these personalities among the constellations of our esteem? Why is there nothing so apotheosizing a man can do as to die? And why does the death of Jesus lift His life and teachings into such thunderous power and authority?

Every least act of living we perform gets its pathos and beauty from the sea of death that flows around it. The kiss is sweetest that may be the last. The parting is made tender by the ever-lurking possibility that it may be forever!

"Unsuspected," writes Alexander Smith, "this idea of death lurks in the sweetest music; it has something to do with the pleasures with which we behold the vapors of morning; it comes between the passionate lips of lovers; it lives in the thrill of kisses."

A ray of death makes the most commonplace thing shine. A photograph of the living is nothing, but of the dead how strangely interesting. An old shoe, a glove, a hat, if it belong to one of the silent forever, takes on new significance.

An ordinary merry-making may be vulgar, even offensive, but becomes at once tragic and sublime when

> As if beckoned by an unseen hand
> The man whose laugh is loudest in his cups
> Rises with a wild face, and goes away
> From mirth into a shroud, without a word.

All about life play the electric beams of death. All around the actual is the halo of the infinite mystery.

It is folly to laugh at death or to defy it. It is cowardly to evade it. It is sickly and mistaken to be depressed by it. But to be ever subtly conscious of it, and to draw from that consciousness a feeling of awe, of dignity, and of infinite beauty, that is wisdom.

WOMEN'S HATS AND SOMETHING ON THEM

A GOOD many things have been said that should not have been said, and a good many things have not been said that should have been said, about women's hats. As a "thing in itself," to use a phrase of the philosophers, considered apart from the feminine creature beneath it, apart from its fellow millinery, apart from this season's styles, apart from everything, viewed alone, set up on a pedestal in the court house or on a fence post in the front yard, the female headgear would be indeed a spectacle. It would be no sin to fall down and worship it, for it is like nothing on earth, nor in the waters under the earth, nor in the heavens above the earth. A philosopher, coming back to life, having once abode in Greece, where they knew everything, and meeting the missus's newest hat lying on the bed where she always puts it when she comes home from an afternoon's social adventure, would be stumped. He could, as he stood in the bedroom, possibly understand the gloves from their resemblance to the human hand, also the shoes, the galoches, the veil, and the parasol, but what the dickens that thing

might be, all twisted, warped, and skewed, with dabs of ribbon and knots of impossible flowers, that would be past him. He would probably conclude that it was some sort of beehive or rat trap.

But the hat is precisely the one object in Nature that is not to be considered apart. It is the chief symbol of conformity. The last place you think of independence is in hats. We revolted, fought, and died gloriously against the king and law of England, but none of us were ever brave enough to draw the sword in rebellion against the Hatter. To say "mad as a hatter" is a joke. The hatter is absolutely the most safe and conservative being that exists. The first thing one does when he goes crazy is to wear the wrong kind of hat, or none. Honestly, can you conceive of a madman wearing a nice, new derby?

So we must think of women's hats, not as isolated affairs, to be perpetuated in bronze or marble and preserved in museums.

A painting by a great master, done for an altar, is out of place on the wall of your parlor. So a hat designed to be the last and topmost explosion of a certain female really ought never to be taken off.

Off, it is a nightmare of art, a mixture of menagerie, aviary, hothouse, and ribbon counter; on, it is our darling's own sweet self, leaping to the verge of her personality, yet holding on with both hands to the style in vogue.

A man, in his hatness, can only conform. Knox,

or Stetson, or somebody designs the peculiar flare of brim and convexity of crown we are to wear, and we go and buy it. If we should dare question its beauty and fitness the hatter would send for the police, knowing us to be at least anarchists, possibly "outpatients of Bedlam." But a woman not only conforms, she also expresses her individuality. She is twice the man.

Her hat is not only in style, but it is herself. Battened down as woman is by convention and propriety, the only chance she has to take a lunge into personality is to get a hat with a feather three feet long, or one shaped like a milk pail crusted with roses, or a clump of stiff ribbons sticking out like the hair of a native Fiji, or a misshapen thing that resembles a piece of chewing gum after taking.

Let us have done, then, with sneers at angel face's task in personal roofing. Let us be thankful that her instinct for crime takes so harmless a form.

THE LOST POCKETBOOK

THE other day I lost a pocketbook containing $200. We all do extravagant things sometimes, such as buying an edition de luxe of the Letters of the Presidents, or the bound volumes of the Congressional Record, which we shall never read and we don't need any more than we need a collection of new locomotives in the backyard. I didn't need to lose my pocketbook; I couldn't afford to lose it; but I did lose it. It is a form of extravagance I had never before permitted myself. But a man will do anything—once.

Now I mention this loss, not because it is extraordinary, for people are losing pocketbooks, money, reputations, and tempers every day of the world, but because of a curious psychological phenomenon in my own mind connected with this substance departed from my inside coat pocket.

All the time I had that money I was denying myself, saving it up from motives of economy. Think of all that wasted moral force! Worse than throwing away the money is throwing away so much useless rectitude.

There are so many extravagant and delightful follies I might have committed. I still might com-

mit them if I had my lost and gone two hundred. I do not refer to useful things. One never regrets not having purchased useful things. I mean startling things.

Some time ago I was engaged in trying to scrape up a few hundred dollars by besieging my millionaire friends for a poor artist, but they were so busy giving their money to buy stained glass windows in chapels and endowing beds in canary bird hospitals that they could not turn aside to help a real human being. A hundred times since I lost my stuff I have, in my mind, just sent $200 to the artist. Alas for me—also for him!

Then there was a piece of expensive fur my girl wanted. She took me twice by the window and bade me look at it, and her eyes shone. It was marked $150. She didn't say she wanted it. She knew we couldn't afford it. Besides, she's always craved a diamond ring. Oh! and oh! if I only had that money of mine that some thief of the world is now spending on variegated alcohol!

There's that new suit of clothes, too, that I couldn't afford while I had my two hundred. And I economized on cigars, too. And those books I wanted—a whole shelfful of the very most necessary books on earth; to think I denied myself all these things just to supply some son of a disreputable sea-cook with money to burn!

We didn't go to the opera because it was $5 a seat. If I had known then what I know now I

would have gone and invited all the members of the Forty Club.

For the money one misses most is the superfluous money. The main reason why I should like to be a millionaire is that I might engage in a little cheerful folly. I can spend money sensibly on my salary. But spending money insensibly is a luxury.

I suppose, if I got the pocketbook back, with the money in it, I should still economize. Such is the perversity of human nature. It is the money we have not, or the money we have lost, that we are generous and reckless with. If I were rich as Rockefeller I should do so and so. Only I wouldn't. That's the trouble.

There ought to be some reliable oracle or fortune teller who could give you dependable information as to the future. Then if you knew that you were going to see all your savings disappear soon in a bank failure you could take out the money and have the time of your life. But if you did that probably the bank wouldn't fail. So there you are!

GRANDMOTHER

HARDLY has a line fuller of sweet sadness ever been penned than Omar's "Where is the rose of yesterday?" or Villon's "Where are the snows of yesteryear?"

There is something pathetic in anything that is past just because it is past.

This peculiar fact I have also noticed—that I remember a past sorrow with a pleasanter feeling than that which I experience in recalling a past joy.

When the recollection of that time I was betrayed, that time I failed, or that time I was humiliated, comes to me I have the same sense of relief that I feel in waking from a bad dream and being glad it was all a dream. It is over, thanks be! the past is over, and the present is free.

"Je suis, elle n'est pas; elle est, je ne suis plus."

(I am, it is not; it is, I am no more.)

But there is a little thorn set in "the rose of yesterday."

"Dear as remembered kisses after death," writes Tennyson. "Deep as first love and wild

with all regret, oh death in life, the days that are no more."

And he says the same better in the line, "A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

There is a well-known expression in Dante to the same effect—"There is no greater sorrow than to be mindful of the happy time in misery." (Longfellow's translation.)

Also Boethius in his Consolation of Philosophy says: "Infelicissium genus est infortunii fuisse felicem" (to have been happy is the most unhappy kind of misfortune). (I am still of those, you notice, who think that a bit of foreign tongue spices a page.)

There are many kinds of sorrow. Some kinds burn and destroy, some others chill and deaden, while still others work madness in us; but the sorrow that is set up in us by the memory of past happiness is like none of these, but is soft and gentle, and disposes to charity and nobleness of heart.

Therefore life ought to grow sweeter as it grows riper, and old age, bearing so many gracious memories, ought to be as lovelier than life's prime as sunset is lovelier than noon.

Of all the household grandmother ought to be the dearest. There are no red kisses on her lips, as upon Susanna's eighteen-year-old cherry ripeness, that our lips should seek them, but there are

remembered kisses there, very fragrant to the soul.

There are no fierce passions in grandmother's heart, but there are the angels of dead passions, who walk among her thoughts as stately shadows pass through gardens of roses and rue.

She is old, but she is not bitter. The little graves in her heart are covered with long June grass. The dead days of joy, each is marked with a cross.

If it were not for grandmothers we should never know how perfect and beautiful this human life may be.

You wonder why she is so serene an optimist. It is because her joy is sorrow that has ripened, and her faith is not a militant creed, but a matured instinct.

She is so sure and wise because she knows that so very many things make no matter.

That, perhaps, is why the little boy seems to love her, if not better, at least in a more intimate and understanding way than he loves his mother. Grandmother has come into that rare wisdom that sees and knows the child's heart.

A happy child is a happy animal; a happy girl is a happy heart; a happy mother is a happy human; but a happy grandmother is best of all, for she is a happy spirit.

I know where are those roses of yesterday. Grandmother has them.

LILY WORK UPON THE PILLARS

When King Solomon built his temple he had set up in front of it two pillars, which he called Jachin and Boaz, meaning permanence and strength.

The cunning artist, Hiram of Tyre, made the pillars, which must have been imposing, from the many illusions to them; and in the account in the Book of Kings it is said:

"And upon the top of the pillars was lily work: so was the work of the pillars finished."

Lily work upon the pillars! It is a haunting word.

All through the history of architecture men seem to have felt that the pillars of strength should be capped by the capitals of beauty.

The same law holds good in the realm of spiritual reality that holds good in the realm of material appearances.

The law is that the end of strength is beauty, and the basis of beauty is strength.

Virtue is pure strength; it is not usable in the temple of life until it becomes beautiful, that is, till it becomes love.

Love is virtue—with lily work.

Contrariwise, mere amiability, tenderness, a pleasing face and manner, with no strength of

character beneath, is nothing but lily work for its own sake; hence, cheap and unsatisfying.

So also Goodness is the pillar, Joy the lily work. Joy without Goodness is moral tawdriness, and Goodness without Joy is moral crudeness.

The Puritans were all for pillar; the Cavaliers were all for lily work.

There has been a world-long conflict between the moralist seeking for strength and the artist seeking for beauty.

The Jew and the Greek have been undying opponents throughout the history of thought.

They should marry instead of quarreling.

For they need each other as man and woman need each other.

Manly strength is not perfect; nor is womanly beauty; it is the union of the two, the family, which is perfect.

Cromwell and his Ironsides, smashing stained-glass windows, were pillars.

Read George Eliot's "Romola." Romola's husband was all lily work.

I will tell you when the millennium will come. It will be when the good shall be beautiful, and the beautiful shall be good.

Then shall the future chronicler say: "At that time humanity solved its problem. Righteousness and peace kissed each other. For men had at last learned, in their lives as well as their houses, to crown all pillars with lily work, and put lily work upon the pillars."

A MAN'S FIRST DUTY

"A MAN's first duty," said an eminent English scientist, "is to find a way of supporting himself, thereby relieving other people of the necessity of supporting him."

That I consider a shrewd and excellent observation.

Whatever may be your nature, whether you feel yourself to be an artist, or experience within you the movings of poesy, it is well to learn to do something that will enable you to exist with self-respect by taking yourself off other people's backs.

The one work to take up is some kind of work the world is willing to pay for.

You may be created to do something wonderful or beautiful or wise, but primarily you are created to do something for men that will persuade them to feed and clothe you.

First earn your salt, then come on with your message.

In the olden days the Jews taught every child a trade. The youth might grow up to be a learned rabbi, but on a pinch he could mend chairs.

Saint Paul was a tent-maker. He discharged

his debt to the race by making tents; he threw in his gospel as boot.

It is what you do to boot that brings you glory and honor, praise and power. But don't forget your main duty, which is to earn your wage.

If you don't have to work for a living it is too bad. You may amount to something, but the chances are against you.

A few endowed gentlemen and ladies have helped the world along a little, in the course of history, but not enough to matter.

Most people look upon a condition where they would be freed from the struggle for bread and butter and house rent as a heaven devoutly to be wished.

Hence we have erected holy orders and universities and scholarships and endowments so that superior folk might devote all their energies to higher things. For the most part those segregated and sheltered classes have done nothing much but maintain old ideas long after they are dead, and should have been buried, or contribute to the already endless bric-a-brac of learned uselessness.

Wage labor is work. What you do after you work is play.

Your play is the best thing you do. All true art, philosophy, and religion is the soul's play. There's no wage for it, and there never can be.

If you work all the time you become stupid, like the huge money getters.

If you play all the time, like the endowed folk, you become silly, probably also vicious.

If therefore you would be normal, healthy, and happy, do something each day that mankind is willing to pay money for, put forth some effort reducible to the common denominator of human activity—money; do that first, then do something that cannot be paid for.

Perhaps you can do both at the same time.

WHY WE ARGUE

After arguing about and around with a man —and I adore arguing, particularly about theology and other subjects of which I know nothing— I have noticed that in the end we both fall back upon our instincts.

We are like two dogs who, after a fight in which neither gets the better, retreat, each to his kennel, and sit growling and showing teeth.

For I never remember having convinced anybody of anything in my life, and I am quite certain nobody has ever convinced me.

In a hand to hand fight one man can kill the other, but in a combat of reasons a victory is entirely impossible, and never was gained once in all the long years of contention.

Every once in a while I hear some one say "Baur utterly demolished that position," or "Weiss's reasoning is irrefutable," or "The ideas of Dingbat have been shown by Thingumsniver to be wholly fallacious," or some such thing, implying that somebody argued somebody else into silence.

It is to laugh. Be not deceived. You can knock a man unconscious with your fist, but not with

your tongue. Argumentatively speaking, a man, and especially a woman, will go right on talking after death.

No. What you do in discussion is to stir your mind, and your adversary's, and thus find out what is in it. As you contend, seeking for weapons to lay him low, you simply uncover your own sleeping notions, awaken your own latent heats, and arouse your own dormant prejudices. You do nothing to him; he does nothing to you; you both exercise and realize yourselves.

No great controversial question in history has ever been settled by argument.

Questions have been settled, to be sure, but sometimes by a big Fact coming along and crushing one party (as in the contention as to whether the sun or the earth moved around the other), or usually by the world's simply losing interest in the whole issue (as in the debates between the unitarians and the trinitarians, and in other theological wars, which once stirred the blood, but now are as last year's roses pressed in an old book).

Humanity settles questions and forms its permanent opinions by the growth of its instincts. It lives questions down. It lives new interests up.

The eventual creed of the race is forming just as a man's teeth, stature and habits form; by development, through experience.

And the final belief, views, and tastes of the individual are simply the silt left upon his soul by the passing over of his life series of thoughts,

deeds and enthusiasms. In other words we grow our creeds as we grow our bones, by processes of digestion and assimilation which take place wholly underneath our consciousness.

Meantime, let the discussion go on. Let us wrangle over materialism and idealism, socialism, pragmatism, and agnosticism, for so we develop muscle.

And down with the Anythingarians, who won't fight; for they won't grow!

Huxley made a good guess: "What we call rational grounds for our beliefs are often extremely irrational attempts to justify our instincts."

SOME PLEASING FICTION

Excuse me for a moment while I indulge in a little pleasing fiction.

I have been telling the truth so long that I am weary, and would fain lie a little.

There was once a young man who got married on a salary of $1,500 a year. The young couple lived in a small apartment, had simple amusements, wore inexpensive clothes, and were happy. The wife did her own work, and the husband used to stop on his way home and buy pork chops. He smoked 5-cent cigars occasionally and a pipe generally.

He got on. Within ten years his income increased to $15,000 annually. They never moved out of the cheap apartment. The woman continued to wear the same quality of clothes. Their expenses were increased only by the necessary additional outlay for three babies. The man continued to smoke 5-cent cigars and a briar pipe. The extra money they saved.

Ha, ha, and also ha, ha, ha.

There was once upon a time a young preacher who travelled the Shakerag Circuit and got $700 a year and a few preserves and pumpkins. He

was called to the Main Street Church of a large city. His family maintained precisely the same grade of living expenses they had on the circuit. He received $5,000 a year and put $4,300 of it away in the bank.

There was once an actor who started in his career at $40 a week "and railroads." He lived on it and bought his clothes. He arose in his profession, as he had some ability and was fair to see. He became a matinée idol. His salary was $1,000 a week. He never hired a man to brush his clothes and pack his suit case. He never gave little suppers at $100 a sitting. He still took only an occasional glass of beer, or a hot whiskey when he had a cold, and never bought champagne. He put away for a rainy day $960 a week.

Loud and continued applause.

There was once a country lawyer who existed quite comfortably with his little family in a pleasant neighborhood. He rode out on Sunday afternoons with his folks in the surrey behind an honest, but not high-stepping, bay mare. Sunday mornings he went to church. Of evenings he would sometimes read Gibbon's "Rome" with his wife or play auction bridge with his neighbors. He was elected governor. He refused to give an inauguration ball. He had no gold-spattered staff of cheap politicans who called themselves colonels. He lived along about as he always had. His head did not swell. He stole no money, but saved some. He just attended to the governing business as he

might have attended to any other business he had been hired to perform.

One moment! There was once a college boy who sent back part of his allowance, writing to his father that he did not need it.

To wind up this fiction with a comparable fact we must go back to the dark ages; for there was once an emperor who laid aside his crown and took to raising cabbages.

That, however, was a long while ago.

We love nothing with such passionate pain as a bad habit.

It is a pleasure, of course, or we would not keep it up; but it is a torment.

To what good thing do we cling with that crazy desire we feel toward the wrong thing?

What is that lickerish, fire-sweet, hateful yet precious quality that inheres in things reprehensible?

A man once asked a woman, "How do you want me to love you?" She answered, "Like a bad habit." And that was demanding a great deal.

The bad habit is the eczema of the soul. You feel an irresistible desire to indulge in it, and when you indulge in it you get nothing but pain, just as the eczema on your wrist intolerably demands scratching, which only makes it worse.

In dealing with a bad habit the essential thing is to remember the only psychological law by which such things are curable, to wit:

That the desires can be changed by the will operating through the habit.

This is the most valuable truth that any human soul can believe.

By working in accordance with it we are saved; by denying or ignoring it we are lost.

It is this law that makes it possible to acquire culture.

By it one can change his inward cravings and bring himself to any desired condition of character. Without this law life would be hopeless; the individual would never progress; there would be no possible improvement, only increasing degradation.

In a bad habit the thing we want to eradicate is the desire that pushes us toward it. If it is drink, we want to get rid of the thirst; if it is the eating of sweetmeats, we want to get rid of the hunger.

The only way to proceed is first to set the will to watch, and whenever the craving comes on simply not yield.

This may mean struggle, wretchedness, feverish misery and perhaps disqualification for our work.

But we absolutely must persist. It is our only hope. And we can comfort ourselves with the knowledge that our nature inevitably yields to our will in the end.

It is not going to be an endless, life-long combat; by and by nature gives in and a new set of desires arises in us which are in accord with the will.

This is utterly true gospel. You may risk

your soul on it. Continue to not do a thing and in time the desire to do it vanishes.

The only hope for self-improvement—in fact, the only hope for a life of decency, to say nothing of force and of refinement—lies in keeping the will in the driver's seat, the reins of the desires well in hand.

For there is another law in human nature which is the converse of the law above stated. It is: That if one allows himself to be controlled by desire—that is, does only what he feels like doing—the desires steadily grow coarser, the animal swallows up the spirit, and, in plain English, one rapidly goes to the dogs.

This law also is as true and hard as gunmetal.

Are you will-ruled or desire-ruled? Answer that question of questions to yourself and you will know not only whether you are a good or a bad person (for that's about all the difference), but whether also you are a strong or a weak person, a force or a lump, a growing or a rotting organism.

But what if the will is gone, destroyed? Answer: That is a mere figure of speech. No man's will was ever destroyed. He always has a piece left. Even a pig can refuse to eat. The one thing we can always do is to not do it.

"WELL, there may be something in it."

With that spiritual instrument how many have been pushed into folly and into fear, and how many charlatans since the world began have prospered!

There are so many things that cannot be disproved much more than there are things that cannot be proved.

There is phrenology, the bump on your head indicating the bumps on your soul; and palmistry, the days of your life being indicated by the extent of a certain crease in the skin of your hand; and pedomancy, the wrinkles on your foot being the railway map of your career; and astrology, whereby the stars are supposed to reveal your destiny; and table rapping, and innumerable petty superstitions, such as walking under a ladder, seeing the new moon over your left shoulder, stepping on the cracks of the sidewalk, opening an umbrella in the house, spilling salt and knocking on wood.

There may be something in it, to be sure. And because we cannot disprove a thing it is proved

we are under some obligation to consider it proved!

This crazy reasoning influences more persons than you would suppose. If your friends would confess you would find very few who are not affected a bit by this form of insane perversion of logic.

Old Dr. Johnson would go back and start again if he left the house with his left foot making the first step. Many a judge or learned professor is shy of number thirteen. Atlantic liners will not leave port on a Friday; so widespread is the Friday bugaboo that few would begin a journey that day.

When we get to the bottom of this state of mind it is seen to resemble the old piece of fool's logic which ran on this wise:

"I can prove to you that it is raining now in this room."

"How so?"

"Well, it is either raining or it is not raining, isn't it?"

"Certainly."

"Very well. It is not raining, is it?"

"It is not."

"Then it must be raining!"

It is curious to note how the human race has been led by the nose by sheer nonsense since history began. In ancient times generals planned campaigns and emperors decided matters of state according to the appearance of the entrails of

fresh killed bulls or goats or the flight of birds or the sneezing of some spectator.

Why? Simply because some rascal with a mighty nerve asserted that these things were significant, and nobody could disprove their statement.

Ponderous systems of credulity have grown up on sounder basis than this.

This crazy logic has bent kings, swayed savants, filled countless libraries with trash, depressed honest men, worried good women, frightened children.

It is the stuffed club of ignorance. By it timid humanity has been herded like sheep.

The world owes an unpayable debt to the spirit of modern science.

The sum and substance of the truth of modern science is this: That if a thing cannot be disproved or proved it is of no consequence. Why bother about it?

Stick to the actualities. Fear not the vapors.

But don't forget that there are also spiritual, psychological verities. Love and faith are as provable, usable and solid as brickbats.

THE APPRECIATORS

You can take one of the two attitudes toward life. You can be a Critic or an Appreciator.

Perhaps it makes no difference, but every man to his taste, and I get more satisfaction from trying to understand things and people than from trying to tell what is the matter with them.

For there is something the matter with everybody and everything. Nothing suits me, when it comes to that. I could suggest improvements upon creation, as well as Alphonso the Wise, who remarked that "it seemed a crank machine, and it was a pity the Creator had not taken advice."

But what of it? There is also something useful in everything.

Every man you meet has a present for you.

Every little child has for you a spiritual flower, if you only have sense enough to see and take it.

Every woman that the infinite Disposer of events leads to your acquaintance has a message from heaven. Let not the devil spoil it.

The paving stones cry out: "We have our secret. We are trodden upon. But we are rank upon rank as well as are the angel choirs, and we sing our hymn also."

The bees buzz for you. The frogs pipe for you. The brook gurgles for you. The boughs nod to you. The houses look at you meaningful with their window eyes. The dog talks to you tail-language. The squirrels are not running away from you; they are trying to tell you something. And the sun shines for no other purpose than to cheer you up a bit.

How do I know? How do you know that the sun wants to scorch you, and the squirrel to dodge you, and the dog to bite you, and the houses to imprison you, and the boughs to knock off your hat, and the brook to drown you, and the frogs to make fun of you, and the bees to sting you?

It isn't a matter of fact. It's a matter of habit.

Come with me, and let us appreciate men and angels.

When you read a book strive to get the author's point of view. So much the better if it is not yours. Leave to the critics the superior business of picking flaws. They are paid for it. But it is no kind of business to do for fun.

When you see a picture, even a futurist mess, get if you can what was the artist's intent.

When you meet a woman find something in her to admire, if only her charming plainness.

Set it down that in every man you encounter there is some striking, original element. Find it. You may not be able. But the exercise is good for you.

Life is good: also bad. Why bother about the bad?

To-day is good. It is perfectly wonderful in its opportunities, gifts, delights. Think how you would miss it if it had not come.

Your wife is an admirable woman. Oh, of course—but then—of all fools the biggest is the married person who has developed the habit of criticism—it is so uncomfortable.

You remember what Stevenson said when he heard that Matthew Arnold, the critic, had died: "It's too bad. I'm afraid the Deity may not suit him."

Dear old Herbert Spencer naïvely said: "No one will deny that I am much given to criticism. Along with exposition of my own views there has always gone a pointing out of defects in the views of others. And this," he added, "has led to more or less disagreeableness in social intercourse, and has partially debarred me from the pleasures of admiration by making me too much awake to mistakes and shortcomings."

MISPLACED MEN

At the restaurant where I had my dinner last night was a waiter who ought to have been a bishop. He had precisely that heavy air indicating that a huge weight of thought was oppressing him, that slow movement of the head and ponderous uplifting of the eyelid, that significant reticence and measured speech, that bespeak position. Of course he was merely stupid and his thyroid gland probably failed to operate sufficiently; still he ought to have been, if not a bishop, at least a judge. Excepting the brains he had every qualification for an office of great responsibility.

How often we find the Misplaced Man!

I have known one, prominent in church circles in Evansville, Ind., who belonged in the cafés of Paris, and have seen a racing tout at Nice who had just the right temperment for a Christian Endeavorer in Omaha.

I have now in my mind's eye a little woman who is perfectly wretched, simply because she, by some shake of the dice-box of fate, fell into the wrong place. She is just a light, life-loving, direct and uncomplicated nature; and she was born into a family, God knows by what quirk in the law of

heredity, where all but she are self-tormenting, abnormally conscientious Puritans. To make the matter worse she married the wrong man (mainly to get away from home, I've always thought), and he has turned her hair gray. Nobody seems to blame. The poor thing's life seems to have been a misfit, that is all.

I have seen ministers of the gospel who by natural composition should have been circus clowns; they had that incurable itch for saying and doing things to make people laugh.

I have known vaudeville actors whose every instinct was propriety and who had an unconquerable desire to moralize, and hence should have been in the pulpit.

I knew an old commercial traveller who had been "on the road" for over thirty years, living in dusty hotels, travelling in jerky trains, and taking lonely cross-country rides in buggies and sleds; and the one thing that man wanted more than anything else was a home, to putter about the house, to tinker with the clock and mend the chairs and raise radishes.

How many a tragedy is due to one's simply being out of place! The slang phrase shrewdly expresses it: he is "in wrong."

What are you going to do when two perfectly nice people get married who have no mortal business to live together? There are two sides to the divorce question; and perhaps the offside has also some of the will of God in it.

But then you can have the wrong kind of child as well as marry the wrong spouse. I have seen little poets born into a family of horsey folk, and little natural-born cow-punchers enter the family of refined and finicky folk, and staid girls come to hoyden mothers, and light-hearted, irresponsible boys bestowed upon most serious fathers.

Nothing much is to be done, except to get into the place you belong, if you can; and if you cannot, then make the best of it.

Nobody is exactly where he belongs, unless it be the dead man in his grave.

And character is formed and peace is found, not by escaping, but by adjusting.

Still, I feel sorry for the poor waifs of temperament, those whose every day creaks on its hinges, those between whose nature and environment there seems to be hopeless, endless war.

AT NIGHT

When all the world's asleep I sometimes take my stick and walk out to see what old Nature is doing while she is not being watched.

Yes, it is going on three, the eternal mill of things, the ceaseless workshop in which there is no eight-hour law. Gravitation does not sleep, nor heat, nor light, nor electricity, nor lives, nor the wheeling heavens, nor God.

The young moon is holding high her torch. Ships of clouds sail by bearing cargoes of shadows. All the streets of heaven are lit. Orion's buttons are glistening bright.

Around me the breezes are moving, whispering some hint to the trees, which nod knowingly. I wonder what it is all about. I am an outsider. I do not know what is going on in the conspiracy of things.

Yonder is the church tower, bold against the sky. The chimes play a little tune, ushering in the hour-strokes, which speak in a deeper voice—one, two, three.

I wonder how many hear that voice? Perhaps in one of the houses around me is a fevered one, counting, thinking how many ages have

elapsed since he heard it strike two, thinking how many more eons and centuries there are to come before morning light.

The bell in the tower is the rendezvous of souls.

How different the city street looks by moonlight! The shadows are thicker, their edges keener. The paving stones are whiter.

There are many things I cannot see that by daylight I could see. But also some things come out clearer now. I never noticed the line of that roof before, not the contour of that tree. That statue at the corner also has a new pose apparently.

Even so there are things surging up in me that I knew not in the press of the day's affairs. There is a sensation of smallness. I am so little, face to face with the sombre silence of the houses, the mightiness of the great town around me, the still majesty of the sky above. My soul feels like a raindrop must feel falling into the ocean.

There is a sense of my extraneousness, my outsideness to everything. Nescience oppresses me, just as in the daytime science oppresses me. How vast is that universe which I do not know at all!

I am a stranger. I do not know what the cosmos is all about. What is this huge machine wherein I walk, not knowing why I am here nor where nor when I am going away?

A sense of the infinite purposes of the universe

invades me. It is all a part of some gigantic plan. The swaying leaves of that tree, the loud laugh of those night revellers I hear in the distance, the weaving stars, the thin moonshine, I myself—we are all wheels, cogs, pinions and shafts of the overpowering machine, each of us going his appointed way for some reason, but what?

I am confronting the everlasting riddle—Nature. I am before the stone-lipped sphynx—Nature.

I can only wonder at night. Daytime I think I can know a few things.

But at night I can only wonder. Perhaps that, too, is Nature's intention.

For from wonder it is only a step to worship.

THE FIVE LAMPS OF FAILURE

In the parable of the five foolish virgins, when the bridegroom came, they found themselves with no oil in their lamps.

They stand for all those whom the crisis finds unprepared.

I will explicate to you what are these five empty lamps, if you don't mind a bit of preachment.

Lamp one is religion without morality. Max Mueller says that the Hindus are the most religious and the most immoral of peoples. And there is no doubt of the sad fact that religious emotion can glow in a heart as a fellow flame to immoralities. The greatest enemies to religion are those who profess piety but fail to show rectitude. Theirs is the lamp with no oil. "Why call ye me Lord, Lord," said the Master, "and do not the things I say?"

Lamp two is sentiment without habit. Life is made up of sentiments. Life, after all, is the way you feel about it. It is essential, then, that we acquire a set of dependable and permanent feelings. The only way deeply to root desired emotions in the soul it to practise them regularly. "The habit of doing that which you do not care

about when you would much rather be doing something else," said Huxley, "is invaluable." It is only they who do thus who have oil in their love's lamp. They whose rule is to do as they please are the foolish virgins, whose lamp of joy early burns to a smoky wick.

Lamp three is training without training the will. Of all our parts that which needs most and gets least education is the will. Happiness is the product of strength. A strong body is good and so are a strong mind and strong emotions, but none of them is so good as a strong will. The will is the human mainspring and ought to be of tempered steel. A soft will that gives way to the push of any desire is the cause of most human wreckage. And a vacillating, hesitant will that cannot move firmly toward a chosen end is the cause of most failures.

Lamp four is goodness without cheerfulness. It is doubtless your duty to do right, but it is no less your duty to be as pleasant about it as you can. Goodness may be a very splendid lamp, of bronze or of gold, like the lamps of the temple, or of cunningly wrought iron, hard as the lamps upon the wall of the Strozzi palace at Florence, but without cheerfulness it is but a dead lamp and sends out no guiding ray to other souls. Be good for your own sake and be cheerful for your wife's sake.

Lamp five is love without loyalty. To say that loyalty is the oil in love's lamp is a very

accurate figure of speech, for, as a matter of fact, the enduring brightness of love is wholly drawn from loyalty. Why do a man and a woman at the altar swear they will love each other till death do them part? Simply because, other things being normal, a man and a woman cannot live together in the intimacies of marriage, remaining loyal, and not grow more and more into mutual love. The free lovers, who look on marriage as a bondage, as an unpsychological attempt to confine to one channel an emotion that should be free, do not understand the human heart. With the oil of fixed loyalty in the heart the flame of true love will not cease to burn. Without that oil love ceases to be lambent and clear and is but an occasional dull coal when the match of opportunity is touched to it, and consumes not the soul's oil of life but the soul's very substance, the light of whose burning is no light and whose only product is a most ill-smelling vapor.

Happy are those five wise virgins whose religion is the crown of a just life, whose emotions flow in deep canals to irrigate their desert days, whose education begins with the culture of the will, whose piety is amiable to us poor sinners and whose love is fed from deep wells of loyalty, for it is they who are the lamps of this dull world. It is they who shine unquenchable and lovely as the clustered Pleiades in the night of our doubt and despair.

THE DESCENT FROM LUXURY

ABOUT the hardest known task is that of coming down, as the County Parson said.

It is easy to adjust ourselves to new luxuries. To get used to doing without them is like pulling teeth.

A friend of mine went from an American college to study at at the Sorbonne, the university at Paris. After a month or so I met him there. He looked as if he had been sick, or had gone through some severe mental crisis.

"What in the world is the matter with you?" I asked.

He laughed. "I've been Frenchifying myself," he said, "and it's almost killed me. I have been learning to live without heat, light, butter, ice water and breakfast. I sit in a room that is bone cold. There is no steam heat. There is a little stove the size of a peanut, but it simply smokes, it doesn't get hot itself, let alone get you hot. I read by a candle instead of a tungsten electric light. When I think of my comfortable quarters at our old school at home it seems like a dream of heaven. Still, I'm getting used to it. But I

want to tell you that the human animal can adjust himself a lot easier to being comfortable than to being uncomfortable."

So he can. I think I would only need to ride in an automobile a half-dozen times to scorn horse flesh forever.

When a man has been making $1,000 a year, and suddenly is promoted to get $2,000, it only takes him a week or so to get easily into the way of living up to the income. It takes his wife only about a minute.

When "pap gets a patent right and is rich as all creation," as Riley describes, and the family moves in from Grigsby station to Indianapolis, "maw and the girls" rise to the occasion as the sparks fly upward.

Going back to Grigsby station, when pap loses his money in one of Mr. G. R. Q. Wallingford's enterprises, is another matter. It is fire and sword to the soul every step of the way.

What you have never had, except in your dreams, you don't miss. I am perfectly contented without a silver bathtub, a valet, a sealskin overcoat, a pair of diamond-heeled shoes, a private yacht or a morganatic wife; mainly, I suppose, because I never possessed any of these things.

Make me a king or a Russian grand duke in Paris for a few weeks, and a very decent sort of a chap would be everlastingly spoiled.

It was doubtless a soul on the return trip from prosperity that first uttered that pathetic cry,

"Give us the luxuries of life, and we will dispense with the necessities."

Don't pity the family that has never been rich: save your pity for the family that has been rich.

One reason possibly why folks never come back to earth from heaven is now manifest.

THE WHITE NIGHT

COFFEE did it all. I admit it. Alcohol may be bad for some people, but for me coffee, "after the sun crosses the yard-arm," is rank poison. But I like it. I took it. I fell. Hence the "white night."

A coffee night to me is a curious thing. My ordinary powers of common sense, of which I flatter myself I have considerable, are paralyzed. Every uncommon sense, every secret superstition, lurking in my blood, every overcome delusion of childhood, every conquered fear, rise and master me.

There's a general jail-delivery of all the nonsense that I have kept locked up.

I am afraid. I am not afraid of anything, but of nothing. Do you understand what just plain fear is, without any object, just the essence of fear?

My heart beats very loud. I remember how frightened I was when I first studied physiology at school, and learned what a fragile thing a heart is. That old dread comes back. I find myself wondering if the thump, thump in my breast is going to stop.

What if I should die? Before me rolls a cinematographic scroll of the whole performance: The last breath. The discovery of my lifeless remains. The funeral.

A cricket chirps. Perhaps that is the death-watch. People have believed in that. What if they are right?

The window curtain moves. Doubtless a breath of air, says my feeble common sense. But my strong insanity sweeps this banal explanation aside.

That may be the dead trying to return to me. I have heard they make such efforts to communicate with the living. I have seen "The Return of Peter Grimm," and I have read Mrs. Oliphant.

Which of my dead is it? What would they say? Some calamity it is they would warn me of. Else why should they trouble to come?

What calamity? Perhaps it menaces me now. Perhaps burglars are in the house. I listen intently. There! That sounded like a step on the stairs. Was not that the sound of a plank of the floor creaking? I try to think how I should act if burglars came. Some of them, I have heard, shoot anyhow; murder just for the pleasure of cruelty, no matter how submissive the victim may be.

A dog suddenly yelps under my window. I am rigid with fear. The sound goes through me like a knife.

He had as well bitten me. It cannot be much worse to have hydrophobia than to be scared to death.

I grow quieter and sink into a half-sleep.

Jumping Jerusalem! What was THAT? I I know it is all over with me now. In sheer desperation I leap up and turn on the light.

The wind had pushed the curtain and the curtain had knocked a glass from the table. It lies shattered on the floor.

But as far as I am concerned Attila and all his men might just as well have pillaged the town. For I am all in a cold sweat.

Then, no one being nigh to hear, I stand in my pajamas in the middle of the floor and solemnly curse coffee and all its works, the wicked Arab that invented it, the ships that carry it, the merchant that sells it, the cooks that brew it, and myself that guzzles it. I execrate and consign to the lowest circle of Dante's pit all coffees, coffee with cream, coffee with hot milk, coffee blond and brunette, mazagran and demi-tasse; may they all be sunk in the Seven Seas, or burned and their ashes scattered to the four winds of heaven, that "no trace nor remembrance may remain of so vile and guilty a thing." Anathema, anathema, anathema!

The next morning the first thing I want is coffee.

SPOTLITIS

VERY many of the morbidities, pains, and glooms of the soul, said the professor to his class in the University of Psyche, are due to spotlitis. (Always pronounce the penultimate vowel in words ending in itis with the long sound of i, as in kite.)

(Twenty pencils arose and fell upon twenty note-books, making twenty notes "itis—long i," which would save twenty precious youths from going out into the world saying brownkeetus and appendiseetus.)

The word spotlitis, continued the professor, comes from the word spotlight, meaning an intense light cast upon some one person on the stage in the theatre. The design is, of course, to direct the attention of the audience to the person thus illuminated.

The term was first used by Dr. Achdulieber in his article in the June number of the *Umher Review,* 1925, to indicate that itch for attention which is not only here and there noticeable, but also underlies and accounts for many other soul lesions.

(Twenty pencils wrote "Achdulieber article.")

It is often found early in childhood, went on the Herr Professor. It marks that stage when the infant passes over from being charmingly naïve to being offensively self-conscious. It is sometimes, in the earlier periods, called smarta-lickitus.

Careful analysis (Zum Henker, p. 346) shows that it is due to a singularly tough and ugly microbe, which gets into the ego and produces an inflamed condition.

It seems to come into its fullest and most pernicious activity in public characters, such as actors, preachers, politicians, and the like.

Actors have been known to cancel lucrative engagements simply because some minor actor "got a hand." Grand opera divas have pouted themselves into a fever because the scenes were not so devised that they could be on the stage just before each curtain fall.

Parsons have betrayed violent symptoms of advertising when bitten by this bacillus, and politicians have manifested the most surprising spasm.

(Twenty pencils set down "Surprising.")

But, resumed the professor, the disease is by no means confined to special classes. It is widespread as the race. The learned Mark Twain, doctor of Oxford, pointed out the universality of the desire to show off. The judge shows off on the bench, the lawyer at the bar, the schoolmaster before his pupils, the bishop in his robes, and

the lady in her social manœuvres. The common symptom is affectation.

The secondary forms of this malady, however, are even more interesting. It seems to be assumed that to acquire prominence is our being's end and aim. The youth are urged to industry, and even to morality, so that they "may some day be president." The career of successful spot-lighters is held up before them as an inducement to effort.

Old age is pitied mainly because one is then compelled to yield to younger folk the centre of the stage.

Poets cheapen their work and miss the divine reward of high fealty for the unhealthful rays of spot-light popularity.

Artists, scrambling for the same noxious rays, fall into mediocrity.

The spot-light turned upon an author's brain seems to produce certain deterioration.

Many a crime is committed, many a home is wrecked, many a love is starved, and all good work is spoiled by thirst for notoriety.

The worst of it all is that we go to church presumably to worship the Master of Humilities. He who refused all earthly honors for himself and advised us to take always the lowest seats, and we come home to worship, for the other six days of the week, the God of Getting On.

(Twenty pencils wrote down in twenty note-books: "Mem. Get On!")

THE MINORITY ARE IN THE MAJORITY

A VERY strong and racking doubt has got into my mind. One of the very mud-sills of my subconsciousness, a very "sleeper" of my cosmic house, has been uploosed, and all sorts of strange fancies, like little white and leggy insects, are scampering among my wits.

For it has occurred to me that, after all, the minority are in the majority. I know it sounds crazy. I know that. Heaven be thanked! I am spared the last illusion of the insane, that I am sane.

But while I have always lived, moved, and had my being under conviction that the majority not only rules but also actually exists, come to think of it, I have never seen a majority, while everywhere about us is the large, active, and exceedingly vocal and assertive minority.

The majority of the people in the United States believe in our present form of government, yet I never met a man in my life that did not think he could improve it.

The majority are Christians, but do you know even one or two in your circle of acquaintance

who dare say, "I am a normal, perfect Christian," as a man would say, "I have a perfect liver"?

The majority are sound and well, but did you ever run across a well woman?

The majority are sane, yet have you ever found one man indubitably so?

The fact of the matter is that the average man is a myth; he is a mathematical hypothesis; he exists only for the purpose of statistics and arguments; he is the stuff out of which generalities are formed. He is like an atom, or a kilowatt, or a nebular hypothesis.

Everybody is abnormal. Normality is merely the imaginary point where the abnormalities balance.

I never talked any length of time with a human being who did not by and by say something like, "Well, I am peculiar, I know," "I am strange," "I am not like most folks" or words to that effect. Strange, that the entire population of the globe is in the minority!

The rarest person in the world to find is the one who does, says or thinks as most people do. Most people like what is printed in the newspapers presumably, else it would not be printed, but did you ever hear a man do other than curse the paper he subscribes for?

Most people flee the country and love the city, but did you ever find a person that did not hate cities and love birds and brooks?

So here's a secret. Everybody is a heretic, it

is only the majority that are orthodox. Everybody is different; only the majority are alike. Everybody is both good and bad, much mixed; only the majority is good or bad.

And it's as hard to find the majority as it is to find the long lost and deeply sought value of Pi.

FIRE AND FUN

If I had to be some kind of a heathen I should be a sun-worshipper. First, because the sun is warm, and the source of all earthly warmth. I love warmness. My notion of hell is a place where it is cold and dark. Burning is of course painful, but freezing is uncomfortable, and as a steady thing one can endure pain better than discomfort. To be somewhere in the cold and dark I say is about the height of human misery; you might add a stomachache and then wretchedness would have its last word. But fire means home and cheer and smiles. If I ever built a house I should first build a huge fireplace and then construct the house around it. Loki is certainly my friend, he the fire god, nimblest, lithest, happiest of all the natural deities. There are few sights more cheerful than wood burning. Upon the hearth the flames speak directly to the soul and say wonderful things to the human spirit, things that are not to be uttered in speech or music.

A wood flame is the pure symbol of fancy, suggestion, hints, and spirit beckonings. A bonfire in the street is also strangely enlivening. Boys cluster about it as if under the witch spell of

crackling flames. A house afire is a fine entertainment, too—the one amusement free to the audience and expensive for the owners and managers. I love the clang of the fire engine's bell, the galloping horses, the thundering hook and ladder truck; and then the crowd, the shouts, the flames spurting from the windows, the huge balloons of smoke bellying above all, and the firemen—the last remnant of dark, color, adventure, danger, and glorious alarm in this our staid and worn out civilization. I should think all boys would want to be firemen when they grow up.

Above us is the great fire-ball, the sun, the hearthstone and the bonfire of the world. The little seeds quicken at his coming. The flowers take their hands from their timid faces and look at him. The birds twitter. The animals caper. And men's hearts expand in hope.

Only northern people, nursed in fog and shadows and cold, can appreciate the sun. We never value a thing till we miss it. As these lines are written it is midwinter, and I am on a ship in mid-ocean bound from New York and twenty degrees below freezing to a land where it is warm. We have passed the gulf stream. The fogs and storms have left us. The sun is bright. The air is soft. The waters are blue. It seems to me I have slipped back thirty years. For to-day it is light, light as a crystal, light and warm, and my soul seems to be coming up like a wet fly to warm itself into life again and try its wings.

After the manner of Saint Francis of Assisi let us sing: "Blessed be God for our brother, the sun, and for our brother, Fire, so clean and chaste and heartening!"

THE SOUL'S CAPTAINCY

"Look you, Hilda," exclaims Solness in Ibsen's "Master Builder," "look you! There is sorcery in you, too, as there is in me. It is this sorcery that imposes action on the powers of the beyond. And we have to yield to it. Whether we want to or not we must."

There is about every human being a certain sorcery, an invisible power. We control the stars, quite as much as they control us.

A great deal has been said of man being a puppet of the gods, but perhaps the gods complain of being the playthings of men.

We are told that the great forces of heredity and environment manage us and our moods and affairs. But I exercise fully as much influence upon these forces as they upon me.

A man has never really found himself and the reason why he lives until he has realized the imperial nature of his own will. Then all things are grist to his mill. Mankind and its institutions, heaven and its laws, and hell and its pains are in his hand. Whatever they may be they are nothing except what they are to him.

Instead of fate guiding my life, I, in the deep-

est places of the soul's drama, am unconsciously guiding and disposing fate. Whether my career be comedy or tragedy depends upon me. Events are my chessmen.

It is this consciousness of inner captaincy that makes a soul great. It is in this alone that there is any true joy. All bitterness, cursing, despair, and pessimism are due to one's losing hold of the helm and becoming servant instead of master of life's powers.

LAMENTING THE LOSS OF TAIL AND BARK

THE one thing I regret most keenly among the things lost in the scramble upward of evolution is the tail, unless it be the bark. Why is it that in the survival of the fittest we have retained the useless vermiform and lost the useful caudal appendage?

The more you think of it the more the tail grows upon you (I speak in a figure) as a most desirable and much-to-be-lamented member. Its especial value would be for expressing certain emotions too simple or too subtle to be manifested by any means we now possess. For instance, pleasure, just plain good feeling—how much more perfectly it could be shown by tail wagging than by words! By being compelled to squeeze all our emotions into grammatical forms of speech we grow bromidic, sink into platitudes, and finally lose our more naïve and direct feelings for lack of due ability to give them vent.

Dogs are more loyal and loving than men because they don't have to talk about it. They just wag. Hence the sense of primitive affection keeps normally alive.

There are feelings also too fine for other mediums. When you are reading, for example, and your wife speaks to you, and you neither wish to offend her by saying nothing, nor do you wish to let go the interesting page, how convenient it would be if you could just wag a large bushy tail, to indicate that you appreciated her presence, but wished she would kindly clear out.

In conversation there often occur dull lapses, when one can think of nothing to say. What a boon it would then be if by vigorously wagging one's tail one could indicate that the social instincts were still flowing, friendliness was still burning brightly, even if no sentences of nouns and verbs happened to come to mind.

A young lady likewise might indicate by tail-wagging that her sentiments were mildly engaged by a young gentleman's personality, even if she had never been presented, and did not dare go so far as to smile on him or to speak encouraging words.

A minister or an actor could tell by the number of wags to the minute just how far he had his auditors with him. And for extreme applause the bark would be handy. For what was the old-fashioned "Amen!" and "Hallelujah!" but a species of canine ululation indicative of forceful approval by primal and unspoiled souls?"

Consider also how efficacious it would be if it were good form to howl when the pianist bored us, to growl when a book agent approached us,

to bark beneath the adored one's window until she appeared and gave a lady-like yelp or two in answer, to give a sinister grumble when some one was going a little too far, and then gently to wag the tail when he was on the right track! It is the eternal necessity of arranging our emotions in words and getting them into logical form that is our trouble. It is for this reason that some persons cease showing emotion altogether. We call them grumpy. They are not. They feel as much as do the loquacious. If they had tails they would wag them. As it is they are suppressed and dumb.

The tail and bark were the organs of the simpler emotions. With their falling off we have become complex, artificial and decadent. Evolution has trimmed us at both ends.

WHAT I SHALL DO WHEN I GET TO HEAVEN

THE first thing I shall do will be to read up for a thousand years or so.

Nothing so impresses me with the brevity of life as to enter a library—oppresses, I would better say.

How can one find time to get even so much as acquainted with literature, when a Niagara of books not to mention magazines and papers, roars from the jaws of the press in an unending stream?

In heaven, time being no matter, I shall learn all the languages earth ever had (heaven has but one—multæ terricolis linguæ, cœlestibus una) clear back to the guttural clicks of the stone-age man, and the glug-gug of the lake dwellers; and get all local colors, and hence know all life.

Celestial beings move with the rapidity of thought. Distance makes no difference. Wish you were on Antares, and behold! you are there.

Now, the science-story-tellers say that we see the light of certain stars that may have been extinguished centuries ago. Rapidly as light travels, it takes ages for it to cross the universe, if it

ever gets across at all. Hence, travelling with thought-rapidity I can overtake light anywhere along its road. Consequently all I need to do, in order to witness with my own eyes anything that ever happened on earth, is to wish myself at such a distance as shall bring me to where the light of that event is fresh.

Placing myself at so many million miles I am present at the death of Cæsar; at so many more million I walk with Pericles the ways of Athens; so many more I see Moses coming down from Sinai. So in Heaven I shall be able to be "among those present" at anything that ever took place. Interesting. What?

In heaven also I shall have time to develop all my latent capacities. The only reason I have never written like Shakespeare is that I haven't had time. That would take me several hundred years.

So if you meet me a million years from now on some satellite of Sigma Bootes you will find me to be a combined Beethoven, Socrates, Raphael, Newton, Agassiz, Paderewski, and J. Cæsar. You will see that I can do anything anybody ever did better than he did it; can lay brick better than the best of terrestrial masons, also out-Caruso Caruso in singing, and teach your Miltons the art of poetry.

As mere duration, heaven is rather a dull prospect; but as infinite development it's an amazing idea. For, as John Fiske says, "the essential

feature of man is his unlimited possibilities of development."

And not only shall I increase in skill and all kinds of efficiency, but my other powers, what may they not become when they are stamped with immortality!

My memory—it will be stored fuller than the British Museum or the Vatican.

My will—it will be strong enough to move a train of cars. I speak soberly. Who knows that the human will may not be harnessed some day, as well as electricity?

My taste—through infinite crudities it will live and become divine.

And my character—what power, gentleness, goodness, nobleness and majesty it might acquire in eons of experience!

This is what is meant by that striking word "the power of an endless life."

And that high word of Paul that we shall be "changed from glory to glory."

THE HARP OF A THOUSAND STRINGS

THE phrase I get from the most industrious of hymn-smiths, Isaac Watts:

> Strange that a harp of thousand strings
> Should keep in tune so long;

referring to you and me.

Considered as an instrument to play upon, man assumes a new, sharp interest.

For man is not only a citizen and a soul, a piece of the population and a subject for the surgeon's knife and the evangelist's zeal; he is also a piano.

He is an organ, a horn, a fiddle; likewise a photographic apparatus, taking the most amazing moving pictures; an electric battery; a book wherein past impressions are recorded.

Hence it is more important to learn to play him than it is to learn to play "upon the harp and the passel-tree," to use Mrs. Norrocks's reading of the Scriptures.

There's many a young lady taking piano lessons who would far better be putting in her time practising how to learn to play upon the man.

Not that young ladies don't play upon the man as it is; only they go at it clumsily, they don't know how, and hence produce some racking discords.

What an instrument a man is! I have climbed all around through the insides of a pipe organ and admired its maze of slats and strings and tubes; I have stood by and watched the tuner expose the entrails of the piano, criss-crossed with its myriad wires, and with its little felt-thimbled fingers all in a row; but a man beats them all.

Read in your anatomy about that little harp inside the ear and the tiny bones there to catch sound waves; of the blood canals irrigating the whole mechanism; and of the nerve-telegraph wires along which flash countless messages hourly, that make the Western Union system look like child's play.

And when you enter the soul-box, where pure thought and feeling are handled, you will agree that the man himself is more marvellous than anything he ever made.

There are solo effects. Upon this instrument you can produce any pain, from itching to agony; any pleasure, from the mildest comfort to the loudest hee-haw.

Orchestrally taken, what massed results can be secured! Watch the orator inflaming the passions of a crowd. Savonarola raising the Florentines to religious frenzy. Patrick Henry fusing the delegates into a flame of patriotism.

What is the general, Napoleon or Frederick, but a band-master directing his companies as if they were groups of first violins or 'cellos?

And the architect; he plays upon dead things and living workers; as he waves his baton, stones leave their quarry and trees their native woods; hordes of bricklayers, plasterers, carpenters, teamsters, artists and artisans come trooping; till at last the cathedral rises, the long sweet symphony of centuries. No wonder Schelling called architecture "frozen music."

What fingers play me! Love, hate, ambition, envy, aspiration, despair!

God himself does not disdain to make on me his celestial melodies.

Let me therefore be in tune. Evil spirits within and without are eager to strike forth from my strings their raucous cacophonies. Angels of grace touch me to their perfect strains. Let me therefore be so in tune that I may catch the humbler songs of things, so that

> To me the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears;

And that I may echo back something of that starry strain above, where

> Not the smallest orb that thou beholdest
> But in his motion like an angel sings,
> Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims!

THE DREAM-LOST

If I had to choose between the things I have missed in my dreams and what I have gained in my waking hours, I should not hesitate. Give me the dream lost.

Just as the mendacious fisher tells that the biggest fish were those that got off the hook and fell back into the water, so my greatest prizes are those that slipped out of my hands as I tried to carry them over from dream to day.

The fox in the fable called sour the grapes he could not reach (though, by the way, who ever heard of a fox wanting grapes?); but as for me, the sour grapes are too often those I get, and the luscious ones hang too high in the arbor of dreams.

In my dreams I find pocketbooks, great fat ones, stuffed with green, and when I am about to spend the money I wake up. In the daytime I lose pocketbooks.

In my dreams I am unanimously elected; by day I am not even a candidate.

It is said of Coleridge that he composed the poem "Kubla Khan" in a dream and wrote out

a part of it when he awoke, but could not finish it. The last lines left him.

The other night I composed a perfectly stunning drama. It was novel, striking, epochal. The situations were entirely new, the interest was intense, the lines were beyond Shakespeare, and the conclusion was a dramatic thunderbolt. I lost the whole thing before I could get my clothes on. It had vanished like frost on the windowpane.

If I had all my dream-lost treasures I should be wise as Solomon, witty as a Mark Twain, clever as Herrmann the magician, rich as Rothschild, and handsome as the Old Nick himself.

If you could only visit the inside of my mind when I am asleep you would certainly say, "He is the deuce of a fellow, and no mistake."

There are too many things going on when one is conscious. Every chair and table distracts one. Every sound and odor and other bodily sensation gets in one's road. But in dreams it is you and your pure idea. With that perfect union there is nothing to forbid the banns.

Still, it is about as well, perhaps, in the end. The classic question has never been settled, whether the king who dreamed every night that he was a beggar was happier than the beggar who dreamed every night he was a king.

And when you say heaven is but a good dream and hell a bad one, you haven't mended matters; for one can really be happier and also suffer more intensely in a dream than in waking. To live on

earth and dream of heaven is possibly as well as to live in heaven and dream of earth.

When we awake there are compensations, when we dream there are none.

The highest joy and the highest pain are those of the unloosed mind in dreams.

THE STREET

THE city street is a symbol of civilization.

Any great downtown thoroughfare gives a good picture of what life means today in America.

There are clanging street-cars, thundering trucks, straining and stumbling horses, swift automobiles, hurrying people, and on the corner the burly policeman.

In other words, here are business, impatience, crowds, jostling, noise, confusion, and repression.

There is no play.

You see the human race doing everything but enjoying itself.

Everybody is in a rush. If one stops to loaf and invite his soul, the policeman tells him to move on.

The only children you see are those led by their mother's hand, timid, wide-eyed, frightened; and the newsboys, sharp-featured, prematurely old. The only birds, English sparrows. The only animals, work horses.

On all sides are precipitous steel mountains, full of clicking typewriters, buzzing electric devices, and sombre banks with barred iron doors, and shops.

The only places where there is any semblance of joy are cigar-stores and nickel theatres. Only the crudest and poisonest point of pleasure can force its way into the business jungle.

In Paris or Rome you might at least see people here and there dining leisurely at little tables on the sidewalk, and find little strips of green where there are seats, free to tramps and millionaires.

The American city street is reduced to a wrestling arena for the great grim game of Getting On. The unwritten law is shove, get out of the road, and the devil take the weak.

Goaded by the fevered lust of success, we forget that we are human beings. We are so busy with tomorrow that we forget to live today.

We spend millions upon suburban parks, where the people are not, and neglect the streets, where the people are.

If I were king of the United States I would issue an edict reserving certain hours in the streets for amusement. There should be bands of music that the populace might hear without price. Children might romp.

As it is, no one can enjoy the street without ready money. The theatres charge prohibitive prices to the poor man. He can do nothing but stare at things in shop-windows he does not want.

I would pass laws protecting loafers. I would have spots where the common people could gather and eat and drink and chat.

I would enforce certain times of leisure and give the people some chance to enjoy this big show, the biggest of shows, the city. Every summer night the downtown streets should be filled with the multitude, a vast municipal "sociable."

Tyrants of old knew that the people had to be amused or they would rebel. Democracy ought to know as much.

The true way to improve the morals of a people is to give reasonable vent to their activities in harmless amusement. Educators are awakening to the truth of Froebel, that a child learns through play ten times better than through forced work. What is true of a child is true of a whole people.

Our moral agencies are still crying, "Don't! Don't!" They retain the mediæval suspicion of pleasure. They have yet to learn that the most useful moral qualities come through intelligently directed pleasure.

The city contains possibilities of the most gigantic fun the world has ever known, the fun of seeing, meeting, and learning to know all races and ranks of men.

I should like to see, at least once a week, the myriad Germans, Swedes, French, Italians, Poles, and Japanese bring the missus and the children downtown and mix in sheer good nature. I would rather be there than to meet a conclave of all the kings and queens of earth.

THE VALUE OF PHILOSOPHY

THAT gibe of Shakespeare's is ever green—

"For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently."

We hear the same sentiment daily. It is quite the thing to sneer at the philosopher.

We regard him as a kind of boresome dealer in bromides. When we have been thrown neck and crop in a business deal, he comes around to remind us that such is life, that we must take the bitter with the sweet, and similar platitudes, until we long to arise and hew. When we are enjoying a boil on our neck, he is there with observations upon the usefulness of boils in purifying the blood. He comes smoothly to breaking hearts with his little mild poultices of witch-hazel commonplaces. We are at times tempted to vote for an amendment to the Constitution placing philosophy beside murder and treason as subject to the extreme penalty.

But, after all, philosophy is a good thing. To prate it may be irritating, but to have it is to possess one of the most valuable treasures obtainable upon this earthly ball.

And every one does have some kind of philosophy; even as every one has some sort of a creed, even if it be the creed that no creed is true. He may not be able to state it, but every living soul has some sort of working theory of the universe.

And that is the most significant thing he has. To discover a man's philosophy is to know the man. Finding out his "way of looking at things," you can easily place him. You know then whether he is a fool or wise, low-toned or high-toned, a cad or a gentleman, a man of principle or a rascal, a loyal soul or a shifty side-stepper.

To get a true, sound philosophy of life is the one thing most worth while. It means steering our life by a real north star instead of by a will-o'-th'-wisp.

It means knowing, in the dark, when we cannot see consequences and cannot understand the situation—that we are still holding on a true course and are not going to crash into the rocks.

It means preventing that awful, pitiable collapse when misfortune comes by and knocks our house and hopes to smithereens.

There is nothing more bitter than the hour when we realize failure. Our love is deceived, our trust is betrayed, our money is lost, our position is taken from us, the bee-swarm of scandal lights on us, smash-up, shipwreck, bankruptcy, ruin, and general chaos arrive.

Right then is the time when the only thing that saves a man is his philosophy. I do not mean the philosophy that is handed him by some one else. I mean his own; the view of life he has all along been holding. I mean the values he has been accustomed to placing upon the various elements of life.

The going to pieces of our illusions is terrible. It is this that is the only true human tragedy. For a man can fail in business nobly, and be manly and cheerful when he is swindled, and even be a heroic figure when he is hanged. But to awake with a jolt to discover that that which you worked for and longed for all your life is a fraud, or is a jade that flies from you in your need—this is life's cruelest blow.

Hence to have a false and unfounded philosophy is not a thing to smile at—that makes little difference—it is a thing that prepares us as candidates for the inevitable hour of snivelling self-pity, for gnashing of teeth, and for suicide.

SOMETHING ON THE BRAIN

In common parlance, when a man departs a little from the ways of the crowd, we say he has something on the brain.

Perhaps it is a species of madness, and in its extreme stages lands him in the insane asylum.

But between the common mob and the crazy house there are many degrees; and in the modified forms of insanity are seen those phases of human nature we call Greatness.

The boy who thinks and dreams, who reads his book by the fire while the others are at horse-play, who is tormented by visions of power or of goodness, is Joseph, the Dreamer, to whom one day all his brothers bow; he has something on the brain.

A little girl kept her sheep, in the pastures of Domremy, in France, and was different from other little girls; she was uncontent with her life; spinning and sewing, marrying and chattering, did not appeal to her; she heard voices behind the trees; she saw visions at nightfall; saints and bodiless souls spoke to her; so that one day she rode away, while still a girl, and led the armies of France to victory, and crowned her king at

Rheims; she was Joan of Arc, and she had something on the brain.

A long, awkward, loose-jointed, plain-featured politician in Illinois, who loved to swap yarns and talk to hired men and storekeepers, who made stump-speeches every campaign and practised law with moderate success meanwhile, was suddenly bitten with a Truth, so that he got something on the brain, which marked him off, and raised him up hordes of enemies: the Truth that Slavery is Wrong and that Government is Indivisible. The whole country went to the argument of war. A men crept up behind Abraham Lincoln and shot out the brain, but he could not shoot away that Something which was on it.

Thomas Edison does not know how to enjoy life, it is said; for he does not run to theatres, nor race-horses, nor gorge with riotous living; he works and works and works in his little room, like the people in the crazy house; he has something on the brain.

Louis Agassiz, who refused a lucrative offer because he "had no time to make money," had something on the brain.

Luther Burbank, who is missing all the baseball matches and prize-fights, and is entirely out of the best social set, and goes to no receptions, teas and balls, poor man, but grubs away at plants, creating an edible cactus for the desert, and making

sweet and wholesome fruits out of the bitter and poison—has something surely on the brain.

They had to take the life of old Socrates, for he had something on the brain.

Giordano Bruno was burned, and the humanists were driven from Italy, for they were dangerous folk, and had something on the brain.

Tolstoy, white-haired and sad, turns to the plough and peasantry and to the strange doctrines of non-resistance and spiritual forces, and away from dukes and fame and ease, and dies—from something on the brain.

And these pure-food cranks, these muckrakers who upset politics, these independents who split parties, these heretics that disturb church-boards, these college professors who write dangerous books on economics, these unpractical gentry who cry for public ownership, these magazine-writers and newspaper-editors that unveil the sacred secrets of senates, all these that "turn the world upside down"—they have something on the brain.

The safest thing is, first, not to have any brain; and, second, not to have anything on it. So shall you have peace and quiet, and geraniums in your front yard.

SELF-REVERENCE

If I were asked what trait more than another I would rather see in a child of mine I would say—Self-Reverence.

Life is most surely spoiled by thinking too low of oneself.

Self-Reverence is all the more valuable because it is so difficult to attain, and because it can be so easily confused with things that are not good.

The line between Self-Reverence and Self-Conceit may be hard to see, but there is a line, just as there is between animal and vegetable. You know a horse is different from a cabbage, even if it may be impossible to tell to which natural kingdom some deep-sea organism may belong.

And Self-Reverence is wholly consistent with that crowning grace of soul grandeur, Humility. That great Teacher who most realized his divine quality was humblest of men.

It is Self-Reverence that keeps the commandments in the dark.

It is a thousand times better to be held back from doing a wrong thing by our self-shame than by the shame of being found out.

Self-Reverence is the only reliable, exhaustless

fountain of woman's virtue. No woman goes down until she despises herself.

Self-Reverence is as important as reverence for God; it is the other half of it. One who honestly reverences himself must reverence God, and vice versa.

And the tragedy of the soul is Self-Contempt.

THE RISE OF ALTRUISM

MR. GILKES, in one of his little essays, says that "a man can no longer eat his dinner comfortably when there are beneath him dungeons full of his fellow creatures whom his own act has placed there, however strictly legal that act may be, and, consequently, there is a general impatience of all privilege, all excess of possession, and of comfort."

This is an expression of the often noted fact of the increasing presence of altruism in the modern world.

Perhaps the most significant phenomenon of the twentieth century is the power of altruism as a motive power in working changes in society and government. Even among those who do not call themselves reformers and are allied with no party or church whose aim is to regenerate the world, "men are vaguely desirous," to use the words of C. F. G. Masterman, "that all their neighbors should enjoy some sort of similar comfort to their own."

Somewhere in the process of development of the human race there entered into it this feeling, or call it conviction or instinct, that my happiness

is incomplete unless I can share it. It is a kind of racial consciousness.

Whether it was due to Christianity, or Christianity was due to it, we may leave theorists to discuss. The point is that it is here, born in all of us much more than in our forefathers, and probably to be born in our children's children increasingly.

It is this subconscious push that is working the political alterations of our time. A new force is here that was not in the Roman world, nor the Greek, nor the Egyptian.

It is this dumb pressure that bubbles up in Russian revolutions. The lords of England have had to yield before it, and the Commons register its will. It is the concealed fire beneath all American progress of reform. It is profoundly changing churches. It is taking old political parties to pieces and forming new.

It is the force with which Big Business will eventually have to account.

Bullets may have removed slavery as an institution, but it is the growth of altruism as a racial instinct that has rendered slavery forever impossible from now on.

In all the history of evolution no trait of living organisms has been fuller of meaning and consequences than this. The only event comparable to it was the first appearance of mind among animals.

Altruism is rising like an ocean tide, slowly but

irresistibly, throughout the world. What it sweeps away is gone forever; what it covers is buried beyond resurrection.

Perhaps it is a cosmic force tending toward the unification of mankind, and the end may be to bring all the labors of men into co-operation, all experiences into a common wisdom, all morals into a common impulse, and all nations and races into a common humanity.

PEOPLE AND CHARACTERS

THERE are certain well-known characters upon the stage. They are the young lovers, the hero, the villain, the ingénue, the banker, the sot, and so on. When one of them appears you know perfectly well how he is going to perform.

There are certain types in novels. After the first few lines of introduction you could almost write the remainder of the tale yourself.

And the curious part of it is that if one finds that any particular character on the stage or in the story does not act precisely as he is supposed to act, the critics belabor the author, and say that the book or the play is not true to life.

But, tell me, did you ever in real life see any characters? Are you a character yourself? Answer: No; you and the rest of the cumberers of this earth are persons.

The difference is that a Character does the expected; a Person is quite as apt to do the unexpected. Outside of fiction and the madhouse, nobody does as he naturally should.

That is one of the joys of existence; it is the interesting element in being alive. To know that you need not take soup if you don't want it, and

you even do not have to take it if you do want it; to go by the right side of Pine street as you walk down to your work in the morning instead of by the left side, and that not for any reason but for no reason; to do this, that, and the other thing principally because others expect you and you expect yourself to act quite on the contrary—that is living.

It is not freedom to do as we please that is liberty; real liberty consists in doing what we don't please.

A person is as unchartable as the wind. Psychology is as full of the accidental as meteorology.

In books, systems, morals, and the drama, virtue is rewarded and vice punished. Among Persons, vice is often rewarded and virtue plays smash. See Ibsen and Bernard Shaw.

There was once an author (this is a parable, it is true, not fact) who sat down to write a play that should portray a real Human Being. He first wrote it in novel form. No magazine would buy it; no publisher would accept it. All the manuscript readers said it was improbable, untrue, vague, and didn't fit in anywhere. So the writer had it printed at his own expense. Then he found himself in the condition of Thoreau, who said he had a library of a thousand volumes, 800 of which he had written himself.

Then our author made a play of his novel. No

manager would undertake it. Having some money (remember, this story is not fact), the author staged the play himself, hired a troupe of actors, and sent free tickets to people enough to fill the house. Only one of the men who came bought a 50-cent seat.

The play never finished. Half-way through, the people on the stage, being so natural, forgot they were Characters and began to mingle with the audience.

The man who had paid for his ticket demanded his money back.

The critics, in the next day's papers, finding nothing to say, dismissed the affair in a few words and discussed the drama in general for a column or so, with many autobiographical confessions.

The writer went home, took down one of his volumes, and found the pages blank. He examined others. All the pages were blank. The people he had written about, being real, had refused to remain in the books and had deliberately walked off.

TEAM-PLAY

It's team-play that counts.

No matter how good a baseball-player is, he is of no use to the club, unless he is to his nine as an arm is to a body. He may be strong as Hercules, swift as Mercury, and wise as Jove himself, but if he cannot co-operate with the rest of the boys he is a liability and not an asset.

It's team-play that makes a family happy, a club comfortable, a lodge harmonious, a church prosperous, a business concern successful, a party victorious, a nation strong, and a world civilized.

Ten soldiers who act as one man can put to flight a disorderly mob of a thousand.

It's not the individual capacity, it's the linked capacity that makes a group efficient.

The world is just waking up to a realization of the value of team-play to democracy. Most apparently threatening organizations are but first steps in team-play.

The Trust is the effort of intelligent and practical business managers to get together. First they are learning team-play in minor companies; the next step will be easier, which is the getting

together of the entire business interests of the nation.

The first step in democracy is individualism, striving for liberty, which is the first right of man. The last step is organization, striving for efficiency, which is the supreme right of man.

Once it was liberty or death; now it is team-play or impotence.

Russia, in the first throes of democracy, is a helpless mob; America, in the mature stage of democracy, is making giant strides toward unity.

The Labor Union is a first step toward team-play; it preludes the grand union of labor, brains, and capital which shall characterize the adult nation.

Team-play is based on the capacity of the individual for discipline, his ability to choose a social instead of a personal idea. Team-play is the final epoch in the evolution of man from the brute.

Team-play is the triumph of intelligence, self-control, and vision over ignorance, self-indulgence, and blindness.

Without team-play there is no profit to the manufacturer, no prosperity among workmen, no good government for a city, no success in the school. Each is wronged and limited where all exercise no team-play.

Team-play means one starred and striped banner; no team-play means separate torn stripes and forty-eight shooting stars, scattered and useless.

THE HABIT OF HAPPINESS

GET the habit! For happiness is largely a matter of habit.

Abe Lincoln hit the nail on the head, with his usual accuracy, when he said, "I have noticed that folks are generally about as happy as they have made up their mind to be."

There may be something in temperament, in your natural-born disposition. Some people seem to eat gloom, as some Georgia Crackers eat clay; but as in the case of children who suck their thumb or stutter, it is habit mostly.

There may be something in circumstances. It seems hard to be happy when you can't have another piece of pie, when the girl you fancy does not fancy you, when there's a boil on your neck, or when the boss will not raise your wages. Still many are happy under distressing conditions, and many others are wretched though full of food and all dressed up. It's habit.

Religion ought to produce happiness. So ought Philosophy, and Money, and Fame, and Love, and Champagne, and Success. Only they do not, always.

For happiness is not a Gift, not even Heaven's. It is not what somebody else does to or for you, not even God. It is what you do to and for yourself, in the main.

Happiness is an Art, not a Science. A Science you can learn from a book, as Anatomy. An Art you have to learn by doing, as the Practice of Medicine.

So devote some time every day to setting-up exercises in happiness.

Think thirty minutes every morning after breakfast of things you have to be glad over. Sit this half-hour in a sun-bath of cheer. Shut out all thoughts that hurt, from bad liver to false friends.

Get in the way of turning everything so that you see its bright side.

If you are to be shot at sunrise, reflect! Hanging is much worse.

If your wife nags, remember! Some of the time she sleeps.

Build your house on the sunny side of the hill.

Nothing matters—except the way you look at it.

Is all this merely jollying yourself, lifting yourself by your bootstraps?

Not at all. What happens, happens. You can't change it. But you can walk around to the other side of it.

The only thing you can control in this universe is yourself. Why not?

You cannot help the inevitable; then why not be cheerful about it?

Think of something else when worry comes. For it's the Same Thing everlastingly that drives folks crazy—mad people cannot get away from their obsession—and it's Something Else that saves us to sanity.

You cannot do this?

Certainly not. Not at first. That's the point. It takes practice.

You attain happiness precisely as you develop the muscles of your arm, by Practice.

Most of us, re happiness, are like the man who was asked if he could play the violin, and replied:

"I don't know. I never tried."

BE A GOOD ANIMAL

BE A good animal. They say we are part beast, part angel. And sometimes it seems the angel is overworked.

For, after all our theologies and soul-saving, our education and mental problems, our social standing, our fame, our ambitions, our politics and other intellectual and spiritual concerns, after all we are first and foremost—animals.

And your body has a deal to do with you, even with your loftiest psychic airplaning.

Emerson said that the real cause of the difference between Calvinist and Arminian lay in the bile-duct.

About nine-tenths of the common or garden happiness of mankind comes from back and belly, and who neglects them is not wise.

Don't turn up your refined nose at this, nor cry "Materialist" or "Sensualist"—not at least until you understand what I mean.

And what I mean is that the animalities are fundamental, and that the only person justified in disregarding them is the one who has attended to them.

If you have duly cared for friend body, you may go ahead and forget it; but if not, you have builded your house upon the sand, and great will be the fall thereof.

Happy is the man whose body is his pardner.

This is an untoward world, and full of gripes and griefs. And the man that knows how to get pleasure intelligently from his legs and liver is fortunate.

Your body is the mother of your brain; let the child decently care for his mother.

There's bathing, for instance. Do you really get all the fun out of your daily dip you might? Or have you reduced it to a negligible routine?

And eating. I pity the man that knows not how to eat, that does not care what he eats. For eating is pleasurable. And no crumb of pleasure ought to be wasted. Jesus even made eating and drinking a sacrament. And certainly God made food and called it good, and should we despise it, like overwise Peter?

And sleeping. It's a third of your life. Do you know how to do it? Can you make it a daily sacrament, and an exercise in happiness? Or do you never think of it, except as a bothersome necessity?

And exercise. Golf, tennis, baseball, running, jumping, motorcycling, climbing, dancing. Children get most of their unquenchable spirits from moving their bodies. And have you never read

the saying that is written, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye cannot see the kingdom"?

Come! we are brothers to the dog, the cat, and the cow; let us not go back on our relations. They have been much maligned. Things are called brutish that are not animalities at all, but deviltries.

Drunkenness, uncleanness, excess, gluttony, also spite and hypocrisy—animals do not such things —they are the sins of debased thinkers.

There are no fallen animals—there are fallen angels.

WHAT IS A RELIGIOUS MAN?

A MAN—and he is not anonymous, he signs his name—writes me thus:

"I have a friend, who is an intelligent, loyal, and well-bred American. Yet he is not religious, much as I should like to add that to his other adjectives. He calls religion an 'empty mockery,' and no amount of argument can convince him that he is wrong. Not that he is not susceptible to reason, but the defenders of religion have not been strong enough for him. Can you not say something that will convince him?"

Probably not.

For two reasons.

First, I should hazard a guess that the man is already religious.

And second, that the dispute is about words, not things.

For what is religion?

The simplest definition, based on the make-up of the word, which means "to bind, or tie," is that it is the presence in one's mind of a sense of moral obligation. Of course it implies many other things, but this is the gist of it.

Hence most decent people are religious, if not all. That is, they recognize the authority of a spiritual inhibition that tells them they "must" do certain things and "must not" do others.

The only people who do not recognize this authority are the criminals, including the thieves, swindlers, lechers, liars, and assassins.

All other folks, if they are decent, acknowledge that there are certain things they cannot do, even as George Washington "could not tell a lie."

The object of churches, of any religious organization, is to strengthen this feeling, and there is no question about their usefulness.

But we must not forget that the sense of moral obligation, which is the core of religion, was present in the race before any extant Church was formed, and will be here when all the denominations we have at present shall have altered their names and creeds.

Religion is eternal. Because it is an instinct. It is planted in the very constitution of the human being.

We find this sentiment very marked in many so-called infidels and free-thinkers.

So, simply because a man will not say "Shibboleth" like you, because he does not "belong" to anything, does not prove him irreligious.

Jesus spoke to his disciples of having "other sheep ye know not of," and declared that the publicans and harlots should enter the kingdom be-

fore the conspicuous professors of religion in his day.

The sum of the matter, then, is, that while your church may be doing very important service in developing religion, and all men might be advantaged by joining your organization, you should be very careful to avoid calling any one irreligious if he will not come in.

Every organization has its drawbacks, and arouses opposition, and being human, may do harm, along with its good.

Besides, there are certain people constitutionally unorganizable, and many of them are quite religious.

STRAY THOUGHTS ON FAMILY GOVERNMENT

THERE is no place where you can do more harm with less exposure than in the family.

You may have the right to insist on a thing being done, but not to insist upon others agreeing with you that it ought to be done.

It is more important to develop self-respect in your child than to secure obedience.

It is necessary to govern your household; it is far more necessary to train your children in self-government.

The one job in this world that cannot be done well unless you like it, give your time to it, think constantly of it, and are willing to work all hours and without pay, is bringing up a family.

You pay for everything; and the most expensive luxury in the world is Love. We marry in a glow of impulse; we bring up children in years of self-denial.

We should be more anxious to create spontaneity of service than outward obedience.

Rules destroy confidences; principles encourage them.

You say you will not tolerate rebellion; but do you create it, by arbitrary and unreasonable rules?

Always explain; never argue.

What you are talks louder than what you say.

You cannot frighten any one into the habit of truth.

Only tolerance can bring confidence; for most confidences are of follies.

When you take a child's faults as personal offenses he will take care to conceal them from you.

What you allow, allow heartily. Never give a grudging consent to pleasure.

Say a thing but once. The family is most easily bored. Besides, when you have formed the practice of saying a thing but once, you will be listened to with attention.

Don't nag. Talking all the time amounts to not talking at all.

Be just. Praise and blame are your strongest tools. Never let them depend on your mood.

Ridicule is pure poison in a family. If you would keep them you love, laugh with them, not at them.

An infant virtue requires more skill and gentleness in treatment than an infant vice.

Some children are harmed by overtrust; many by distrust.

Make sure that disobedience does not arise from misunderstanding.

It is vastly more necessary to make a child see he is wrong than to punish him for being wrong.

Get inside of your child; don't stay outside.

The cardinal sin in a mother or father is impatience.

One thing to Do is better for a child than ten things to Don't.

And "learn to labor and to wait."

THE FREAK FACE

And there are those whose business it is to make the world laugh.

To be sure, as the Wisest Man said, there is a time for everything; a time to sleep and a time to dance, a time to eat and a time to fast, a time to work and a time to play; also a time to weep and a time to laugh.

And each time has its specialist.

Wherefore among all the various personages who are sent into the world to do things to us, preachers to improve us, teachers to instruct us, women to love us, cursers to keep us humble, barbers to shave us and dentists to torture us, let us rejoice and be glad that a few are commissioned merely to amuse us.

Some achieve this by much effort. Some are natural-born comedians. Such was the late John Bunny. These do not have to try. The Lord made them funny.

I met one of these gifted ones the other day. His name is Bradbury and he is playing in a show called "A Regular Feller." He is credited with 658 separate and distinct facial variations and has been called the dean of the "rube" actors. I

asked him about himself. What he said interested me, and it may you.

"At the age of two," he stated, "I looked very much like the McManus Newlywed baby, to my mother's dismay, but I enjoyed the privilege of scaring much older children than myself by making horrible grimaces.

"At the age of six, I was the joy of my classmates, and the bane of my teacher's existence, back in Hollis, Maine. I found I could convulse the classroom by lifting my eyebrow, as it were. A little later, my business sense developed, and I capitalized my affliction. 'What do you want for making a funny face?' was not an uncommon request from some Hollis youngster. My spoils included apples, Johnny-cakes, corkscrews, bait, and once, for keeping an exceedingly ugly expression while passing the village constable, I won a penknife.

"After failing as a bookkeeper in Cincinnati and as a mining engineer in Colorado back in '82, I remembered the above gullibility of human nature, and decided to capitalize my 'funny face' in the theatre—with decidedly lucrative results."

Think of that! Most of us who are equipped with a freak face are sensitive over it, and suffer, and consult beauty doctors, and are sorry for ourselves.

And here's a man making a good living out of

his comic-supplement countenance, and cheering up the world a bit to boot.

Which tale is not without its moral.

RULES FOR THINKING ON CURRENT PROBLEMS

HERE are sixteen rules for your guidance in the solving of current problems. There are doubtless other and better rules, which you may evolve from time to time; but if you consistently follow these here given, you will be a power in your community—a Personage, not merely a person:

1. Use the Dictionary, the Encyclopedia and the Atlas. Look things up. Get your meanings clear. Don't take words for granted.

2. Use the Library. The Public Library is not appreciated nearly enough. It is amazing the information you can get there free. Get the Library habit. Set aside at least an afternoon or evening a week to visit the Library. Keep a little memorandum-book and jot down subjects you don't understand. Ask the Librarian or the assistants where you can get the desired information. They enjoy helping you.

3. Don't imagine that you have to form a definite opinion on every subject that arises. Nine-tenths you must just lay on the shelf and await further evidence. The way to be an intelligent

and well-informed person is to begin by being an honest agnostic.

4. Keep open-minded. Be hospitable to new ideas. When you hear some opinion that strikes you as all wrong, try to get the holder's point of view, try to understand his conviction.

5. Beware of expediency, which is the immorality of the intellect. Never express an opinion because you think it will make a good impression, or because it sounds clever, or because you think it is safe, or will pay you, or will do others good. Be loyal to your own convictions, no matter where they may lead you.

6. Have fixed Principles, not fixed Opinions. Principles are the mud-sills of truth; they should not change; they run back to Moses. Opinions ought to change as you get new information.

7. Don't hold an opinion because it is new, nor because it is old. John Stuart Mill said that "the future of mankind will be greatly imperilled if it is left to be worked out by ignorant change, or ignorant opposition to change."

8. Distrust all extreme statements, violent, abusive, manifestly heated by personal feeling. The more heat, the less light.

9. Always remember that, as the Arabs say, "the opposite of every truth is also true." Sometimes, but rarely, one side is utterly wrong.

10. Don't talk yourself into a conviction. Beware of your own glibness.

11. Beware of catch-phrases. Don't call names. Epithets are not arguments. Use sparingly such terms as "Bolsheviki," the "Capitalistic Class," "labor agitators," "anarchists." These phrases often indicate mere prejudice and passion, not clear thinking.

12. Class is as fatal in intelligence as anywhere else. Watch yourself, that you do not slump into looking at all questions from the point of view of your Class. Think as a human being, not as a Republican, or Democrat, or Laborer, or Capitalist, or Protestant, or Catholic, or Jew, or an Easterner, or a Westerner, or a Negro, or an American. Think as a man.

13. Think as a Judge, not as a Lawyer. There is no opinion so crazy that you cannot, in the heat of argument, and in the anxiety to prove your case, find many arguments for it. Try to understand, to get at the Truth, not to prove you are right.

14. Never mind about being Consistent. Be Honest.

15. Listen to those who differ from you; be careful of yourself with those who agree with you.

16. Nothing is more beautiful than utter loyalty to Truth, and a willingness to acknowledge it wherever you find it, and to follow it wherever it may take you.

THE BOY WHO ASKED HIMSELF QUESTIONS

THIS is the story of a boy who found out what he wanted to do. And when one finds that out he has found himself, and, probably, as great happiness and usefulness as he is capable of.

It is a story very like the old one you have heard many times. Yet we like to hear it over and over. Especially when it is true. And this particular story is true.

A good many years ago there was a boy of poor parentage who worked in the coal-mines in England. He received little education, only such as the meagre schools of that time and place afforded.

At nineteen he came to America. He landed in Duquoin, a mining town of Illinois, on a Friday. By the following Monday he was down in a coal-mine at work.

When he had been employed a little while, one day he heard the whistle blow to stop work, and discovered that in this country the coal-mines were operated only two or three days a week in Summer.

This left him with several days unoccupied.

His companions put in their leisure time loafing, playing, and drinking.

This boy, Jo Harker was his name, had, however, been born with a desire to KNOW.

He wanted to go to school, but could not afford it. Then he said to himself:

"Well, all that a teacher does is to ask you questions and scold you if you don't know the answers. I will ask myself questions, and I'll look up the answers, and I'll scold myself even more roundly than a teacher."

So he bought him a Ray's Third Part Arithmetic and a Warren's Physical Geography, and dug in.

Before many months he knew both books from cover to cover.

Then he went to the County Superintendent of Schools and asked him if he would—not ask, but answer questions once a week. The Superintendent consented, liked the boy and helped him along.

When Jo was twenty-three the Superintendent said to him one day: "I've a vacancy in the Negro school here, Jo, and I believe you could fill it. Will you try? If so, I will give you a teacher's certificate."

The boy tried.

There he found himself. When he stood up to teach those colored boys and girls he knew that teaching was his life-work.

From that he went to better schools.

He worked his way through the Illinois College at Jacksonville and got his master's degree, and afterward his degree of doctor of philosophy.

He became known as one of the best teachers in Illinois.

Twenty-seven years ago he was made President of the Illinois Woman's College at Jacksonville. He is there now.

He is recognized as one of the foremost educators of America.

I write this in the hope that many a boy who thinks he does not "have a chance" may be encouraged by the example of Jo Harker, who discovered that he could "teach himself," and whom we would not dare to call Jo Harker now, but Doctor Joseph R. Harker of Illinois.

IDEALISTS

THE truth is always hidden. The laws of the universe are never apparent. Whatever seems true is not true.

All these statements illustrate themselves, for they are obviously false, yet contain a core of truth.

The baby begins with a whole set of ideas that are delusions. He has to learn the reality. For instance, the sun does not go round the earth, the earth is not flat, dew does not fall, chair-legs and matches are not edible, despite appearances.

I remember when a boy how amazed I was at the first lie I heard. It had never before occurred to me as a possibility that what one says is not always so.

Now, the Idealist is simply the man who has penetrated beneath the surface illusion, pierced the Maya, so to speak, and sees the reality of things. He is grown up. He has adulthood of mind.

The so-called practical person, who takes things as they are, who tolerates no nonsense of idealism and will not act on mere theories, is not grown up. He is still a baby. He still insists the sun goes

round the earth—why, there it goes—can't you see it?

Hence when a mind with vision declares that "the meek shall inherit the earth," that you can conquer a man by returning good for evil, and that you can run him out of town by "turning the other cheek" when he smites you, all the chorus of bullfrogs bellow, "Absurd! Nonsense! Ridiculous!"

But the Ideal persists. "The eternal years of God are hers." Socrates teaches the world after twenty centuries; his poisoners are forgotten. Jesus is the most passionate appeal to the race, while his practical executioners are saved from oblivion only by him.

The Idealists have abolished gladiatorial games, punishment by torture, monarchic tyranny, human slavery and polygamy.

And they shall abolish War.

The practical man says simply that a thing cannot be done with conditions as they are. Which is true. But the Idealist changes the conditions.

The practical man is king of the present. The Idealist is smitten with the future.

The politician is practical. The statesman is an Idealist.

The practical soul achieves the possible. The Idealist does that which is impossible; he is always at something that cannot be done.

The practical man succeeds. He grows fat and rich. He gets elected. He does things.

The Idealist usually fails. But his blood is the seed of progress.

The Idealist leads. The practical follow. Practical folk fly in machines which idealists dreamed for them.

Says Gerald Massey:

> "O the prophets, bards and seers,
> In the horoscope of nations,
> Like ascending constellations
> They control the coming years."

MEMORIAL DAY: A THRENODY

THE flying bird leaves no track in the air, the speeding ship no furrow in the waves. Throw a pebble into a pool: a few wavelets play; a moment the placid water wrinkles its disturbed brow, and then it is smooth once more. When I die, a few tears will start, a few sighs offend the air, a little patch of clay will be stirred for my last bed, a few discords of pain will afflict a few hearts, and the great world will whirl on.

Here and there in the world's history some one more mighty than his fellows has built a monument which he fondly hoped would defy oblivion and stand a rock amidst the surfs of time. Cheops builds a pyramid. Sesostris erects an obelisk. Napoleon constructs an empire, Shakespeare creates a drama. The years sweep on, and to succeeding generations Cheops is but a strange and barbarous name, Sesostris a faded memory, Napoleon a tangled dream, and Shakespeare the subject of antiquarian dispute.

It is a depressing thought. Every conscious faculty of life protests against it. To think that all the restless hope and stormful passion wrapped up within this vestment of human clay

should dissolve and vanish like a puff of smoke! No wonder that we gather the sweetest flowers that grow and cast their tender beauty on the tombs of our departed friends!

It is for this sacred joy we have set apart Memorial Day. Time wraps all the faults of the dead in the cerements of charity, and buries them in secret graves. Nature's constant effort is to clothe the unsightliness of death with the beauty of life. Give the old earth time enough and she will spin a web of green on every muddy quagmire, emboss the oak with tufted lichen, mantle the ruined wall with ivory, cover every wreck with a veil of vines, and work and knit and weave away until the last repulsive object has been transformed into a vision of grace.

And so with time and the human heart. The horror, the parched fever, the cruelty and hate of the great war are gone, and today only tender memories spring from the harsh deeds of the past, as lilies sprout from the rotting mould. The warriors bore all the burden of wounds and death with them; they have left us a legacy of patriotism and peace.

And while we honor the soldier let us not forget our other dead who fell beside us in the peaceful battle of life.

Go, mother, and lay the lilac and the daisy on that spot in "God's Acre" where you planted the

little curly-headed treasure to rise again and bloom in the springtime of eternity!

Go, widow, and hang the green garland of ivy upon the tablet that like a pale spectre points you to the sweet companionship of departed years!

Stop, child, amid your play; gather a handful of violets and let their modest lips touch the nodding grasses that cover her whose bitterest pang in death was the thought of leaving you!

Go, lover, let the red tulip blush above the upturned face of her whose budding beauty was chilled untimely by the frost of death!

Pause, all humanity, amid your ambition and greed and rivalry and strife, and on this day at least bedew the fast-withering memories of the departed with refreshing sorrow.

And when I die, I ask no more from this world than that someone, who cannot quite forget, may steal at twilight to my resting-place and offer there a sacrifice of simple flowers, consecrated with kisses and baptized with tears.

A SECRETARY OF EDUCATION

THEY have a secretary of commerce and labor in the President's cabinet, and a secretary of the interior, and a secretary of war, and a secretary for almost everything else you can think of, but the one secretary they have not, and ought to have, and the one that is most important of all, is a secretary of education.

I should like to have a large, deep voice like an ocean liner, a voice that would megaphonically reach every citizen of these States, and speak to them and say that the one great big necessary and vital business of us all is the proper training of all the children.

It is city business, township, county, state, and national business. Education has as much to do in the Cabinet as agriculture or commerce.

This people has never realized its duty toward the children. To be sure we have spent millions; we ought to spend thousands of millions. We have done more than any other nation, but that is no proper test, for they have done precious little.

This nation should be one great university. It should be primarily an educational institution. Its main concern should be to build schoolhouses,

maintain school farms, and altogether convert itself into a child-training machine.

Schooling for children is not a family matter; it is a national matter.

Our present schools linger under the curse of the class system. The moth-eaten ideas of the class-universities contaminate the public schools. Education is supposed to be for the exceptional man or woman.

We have not yet grasped the truth that every child among us ought to be cared for and trained. Education is for the common man.

We keep up a lot of battleships so that no foreign country shall destroy us; we are in a deal more danger of being destroyed by our own ignorance and vice due to child-neglect.

Our worst enemies are at home. We allow brutal parents to maltreat children; we allow children to enter the maelstrom of money-making; we allow organized vice to traffic in their souls and bodies.

Every unschooled boy running the streets of our great cities is a menace more formidable than a foreign invader.

We send children (some of them) to Sunday school an hour a week to learn morals. What pitiful trifling! A child should be trained in honesty, sobriety, courage, and cleanliness every waking hour. The contention of religious sects has reduced school instruction to dry shucks.

Teachers and school boards are afraid to instruct children not to lie and steal because the sects in town don't agree on the mode of baptism. The place for ethical instruction is in the day school.

It is high time the American people woke up and strengthened, enlarged, deepened, widened, and exalted the meaning of education.

If we could have a President and Congress who for one administration of four years would hand every other business over to clerks and devote their entire time to providing for the right training and schooling of children, it would be the greatest thinkable blessing.

LINCOLN AND PHILLIPS

President Hadley in his baccalaureate address at Yale took occasion to laud the practical men and to warn his seniors against "the illusory visions of reformers."

He praised Lincoln because "he had learned by facing circumstance straightforwardly to hold his faith independent of circumstance," whatever that may mean. "This," he said, "was what gave Lincoln a power that was denied to Seward or Chase or Sumner or Phillips."

There are undoubtedly two kinds of men. One kind do the best they can for righteousness with the material and under the conditions at hand. The other kind aim to better the material and change the conditions.

To the first order belong statesmen, bishops, and most of the existing officers of society. Their type is needed. They are the engineers of progress. They keep the machine of civilization from going into the ditch. Of such, as President Hadley enumerated, were "Bismarck, Cavour, Washington, and William the Silent." Also Lincoln.

Lincoln was the greatest statesman America

ever produced. But while we honor him without reserve for what he was, there is no need to exalt him for what he was not. He was not of the second class above referred to.

To that class belong, for instance, Wendell Phillips, Garrison, and Lovejoy. To that class belonged Luther (in his earlier days), Savonarola, and Ruskin. To that class belonged Jesus.

To my mind those in the second category are not less than those in the first. They saw the vision. They proclaimed it with a hot and fearless madness. It is they who have set men's hearts afire.

They were not, as the others, the engineers of progress; they made the steam of progress.

To which class should the college-trained man aspire to belong?

Perhaps it is a matter of temperament. We need both classes.

It is refreshing, therefore, to read the other side of the matter, as presented by President Finley in his baccalaureate address at the College of the City of New York, when he said the graduates were to be "pioneers who are to cut their way through the forests of thought, to enlarge the borders of truth."

We need the radical, the reformer, the visionary, and the enthusiast.

The fame of Lincoln there is none to decry. But his life was placed in conspicuous office and

his death was most dramatic; and, great as he was, his crown should be no brighter than that of Phillips and Garrison, the uncompromising and fearless soldiers of justice and liberty.

Let us have the wise statesman; but let us have also the visionary, for "where there is no vision the people perish."

NATIONAL MORALITY

THERE is no region in which the danger of yielding to the specious arguments of Success is so fatal as in statecraft.

There are not two moralities nor two forms of nobleness—one for the individual and one for the state.

In fact, the law of life is just as inevitable for nations as for men.

Every one of the Ten Commandments is as true in relation to the United States of America, to France, or to England as it is in relation to you or to me.

"Pride goeth before a fall" as surely in the case of Spain as in the case of Napoleon.

"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword" is as true of the overmilitarized countries of Europe as it is of the cowboy who comes to town with a belt full of dirks and guns.

A bandit nation is as sure to "get what is coming to it" as the bandit of Hounslow Heath is to get his dues.

History is full of instances of the accuracy and certainty of moral punishments.

The only consideration that maintains states

and statesmen in policies of moral wrong, in unjust opportunism, is exactly the same consideration that makes a boy steal or a man get drunk: "I won't be punished NOW."

"After us the deluge," said Madame de Pompadour. Larouse attributes the saying to Louis XV—at least he was just the kind of man to say it.

The idea that a nation must always preserve its prosperity or even its existence is as immoral as that an individual should do so.

Self-preservation may be the first law of nature, but it is more essential to know the last law of nature, to wit: "Do right, if you die by it."

A nation is under quite as much obligation to act justly as the individual is, and to act so even if it involves loss or extinction.

The idea that the nation is a soulless, nonmoral machine, exempt from spiritual rewards and punishments, is the very essence of Machiavellism.

To go that way is to fall into the pit.

And to show you that this is not the bourgeois narrowness of religious conviction, but a statement of the truth any clear-eyed thinker must admit, I will mark for you this passage in Ernest Renan, who has sometimes been called an infidel:

"The thinkers of Israel were the first who revolted against the injustice of the world, who re-

fused to submit to the abuses and privileges without which there is neither army nor strong society. They imperilled the existence of their little nationality, but founded the religious edifice which, under the name of Judaism, Christianity, Islamism, has served as a shelter for humanity until the present time. This is a lesson that modern peoples should meditate."

And read this carefully, as he goes on to say: "The nations which shall yield to social questions shall perish; but if the future belong to such questions it shall be beautiful to have died for the cause destined to triumph."

Righteousness is not whim, nor arbitrary creed, nor changing statute; it is in the nature of things, it is law, like gravitation is law. And of law, the golden saying of the "judicious Hooker" was, that no less can be said than that "all things in heaven and earth do her homage—the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power."

WHY MRS. SMITH LEFT HOME

It was given out that she had gone to California for her health. Those who knew her, however, were puzzled, for she had never seemed to have anything the matter with her. In these days of mysterious diseases, nervous prostrations, insomnia, and hidden breakdowns, the explanation was nevertheless accepted. She had gone, at least, and she never came back. One day her old schooldays friend, Mrs. Brown, met her in a foreign land, and Mrs. Smith told the real reason.

"I just had to go. My reasons were plain enough to me, but I couldn't tell them to any one else, least of all to my husband and children.

"It's the story of the perpetual dropping that wears away the stone.

"I began my married life with the highest purposes. I was full of vitality, but just as full of good principles. I tried my best. I failed. If I had remained I should either have committed some crime or have gone insane.

"The trouble simply was that Henry was an egotist. He wasn't bad. He was moral. He was even kind and generous in his way. He never abused me. According to the code commonly accepted I had no cause to complain.

"I was simply being slowly crushed to death under the dead mass of my husband's egotism. He didn't do anything openly cruel. He just weighed. He was what he was. He could not possibly escape from himself, because it was impossible for him to see that he was wrong.

"Slowly all my individuality, my own proper soul, was being extinguished. I was compelled, not by commands, but by the dead weight of circumstances, to do continually what I hated. My food, my clothes, my friends, my amusements, my work, the whole realm of my life's expression, came to be settled in precisely the way that galled and offended me.

"Several times I tried to explain. I was listened to courteously enough, but evidently was regarded as a mild lunatic. After an outburst of mine he would buy me a dress, or do some other thing to please me, as though I were a child. So I gave up.

"I conformed to his ways. The two children grew up to be just like their father. They could not understand me.

"I know how wicked I seem. There's maternal affection, and wifely duty, and Christian principle, and all that. I appreciate them. And I think I paid my last debt to them. I made up my mind I would stand it all until my children were married.

"When Clara married, I set my house in order

and left. I had always had property of my own, so the economic issue was absent.

"I live here simply. My youth is gone. I missed my life. I exercised my highest ideals. They, I think, are what undid me. If I had rebelled at first, I might have been happier. Still, I don't know.

"I only know I am happy now; not vigorously happy, but mildly, with a sense of rest and—air. I go out every morning and draw deep breaths and thank God for liberty.

"I am not anarchistic. I never wanted to do wrong. I was one of those women who should never marry, I suppose. Or, perhaps, Henry and I simply did not fit. It was a mistake. Nobody's to blame. I bear him no ill will. He could not help being himself.

"And it was what he was, it was what that whole miserable, narrow world was I lived in, that stifled me.

"I am an old woman now. But I have my garden and my books and—air—air!"

THE DANGER OF THE PURE IDEAL

A LITTLE vision, as a little knowledge, is a dangerous thing.

I will not say that any conviction may be too profound, or that a man may be too clear-eyed or too honest; only he ought not to forget that we are brothers, that somehow we must get the day's work done, and that, tremendous as any truth may be, it is after all perhaps not so important as love and friendship.

I have learned to temper my Utopian enthusiasms with the practicalities.

Let me speak but for myself. I admire the out-and-outers, the bolters and all fire-souled radicals; but after due reflection I must decline to join in any guerilla warfare for the millennium.

Willing to admit that "in heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage," I still insist on loving my wife and children.

Perfectly convinced that the ultimate religion will have a wholly different form from existing sectarianism, I am still fond of the Church.

Believing that our system of education is radically wrong, I yet send my children to the public school.

Though states and nations, I am sure, are a passing phase of social development, and patriotism will one day fade before the sentiment of humanity as a whole, I still throw my hat in the air and shout for the Stars and Stripes.

There's doubtless "a good time coming," but why let it spoil this time?

This I protest is not hypocrisy, time-serving nor any juggling with principles.

If you want to know what it is, it is simply— human.

Supermen, gods, angels, demiurges, and such like beings, made of pure fire and needing no hearthstone on which to put it, may lose themselves, if they choose, in the contemplation of kingdom come; but as for me, I am not so sure of my own wisdom.

I have learned that my cocksurest ideas may be mistaken.

And then there are mother and the babies and the fellows and neighbors who are sailing with me in this little ship of the present toward the unknown somewhere. No matter how exalted my ideals, I have an idea I'd better stick to the folks.

We'll make each other see our golden goals if we can; and if we can't, why, let us kiss— and wait.

I don't want to wreck the boat to prove I'm right.

I don't believe what Jules Lemaitre says: "Alas! today as formerly the humanity dream is the enemy, conscious or not, of states and countries."

In a way, it is true. But it need not be true, if we could only remember that we are all human.

Why cannot our deep convictions, our lofty ideals and our rock principles make us more helpful one to another, instead of alienating us?

I will drink with you of your firiest ideal if you will let me taste it from the cup of human love.

I want my white passions mixed with red.

He who said he came to bring not peace on earth but a sword, and to set son against father, also said: "This is my commandment, that ye love one another."

I refuse to accept the first statement except it be in such sense as it will agree with the second.

A white ideal without red love is meat without salt. I do not say it is bad for you. I only say I don't like it.

WHAT WE NEED

THERE is no doubt of it, this age is rather world-weary. We have so much—and so little.

We have enormously increased the means of life; the trouble is we have lost interest in life itself.

The Middle Ages were poorer—and richer. They were ignorant, stupid, superstitious, cruel. They were cold and hungry. Their houses were windowless. Their streets were sewers. Their cities were pest centres.

But they believed in life. In their creeds they piled life on life, in the descending circles of the inferno, in the rising spiral of purgatory, in the stellar sweeps of paradise. They could not in any wise believe so consummate a thing as man could cease.

And, to them, better everlasting punishment than that this vital spark be blown out like a brief candle.

In modern literature we notice a constant recurrence of the tired note.

Sundermann, Zola, Anatole France, Tolstoy, Eliot, d'Annunzio, Gissing, Shaw—they apply the new knowledge to the old problem of living; the result of their brew seems heady but heavy,

odorous but trailing nausea, strongly sweet with bits of sensuousness, yet bitter-sweet.

Take a census of the books of today and yesterday. In its authors mankind speaks its soul. What do they think of life? What has modern knowledge, rolling up world upon world, sun after flying sun, in the boundless spaces once inhabited by winged hierarchies—what has modern science done for the soul of man?

"The perplexity of Tennyson," says Masterman, "in old age before the vision of vastness, the pathetic cry of Spencer, as he confronts an unintelligible evolution with a beyond unknownable, has bitten deep into the minds of the more serious men of the age."

The poor pathetic whimper of Omar Khayyam, grasping at a handful of sensuous pleasures as he complains against "the sum of things entire," has been the most popular verse of recent years, has run like fire through the stubble of all our dry hearts.

It is all wrong. It is worse, for it is weak. There is no youth nor juice in it.

We need faith; not faith in a lot of non-facts nor in some picturesque imagery wherewith we decorate the doors of the unknown, as the Dark Ages did, but faith in life itself, that it is good and sweet and worth while.

We need Christianity, "not its encumbering forms and dogma, but its heart and fire."

We need the spirit of Greece, not in its deadening sensuality, but in its frank joy in this world's beauty, its keen rapture in the marvels of the intellect.

We shall find this all only by turning our faces fixedly toward the light.

I put Kipling and Stevenson and Whitman among the prophets of the new time, because they are rooted in reality and the joy of it. In them men build bridges and sail the seas and tread the highways, glad and singing. There is love of life.

Let others enjoy such gloomy stuff as is served up to us by such as George Gissing, where "a sense of almost physical oppression comes upon the reader, as in some strange and disordered dream."

As for me I take down my Dickens from the shelf and choose him for my fireside friend. Critics are telling us that Dickens could not write, that he could only caricature, but not portray character. But, did it ever occur to you, O modern literary worker in exquisite mud, that the man had heart? You rise from perusing him with a feeling that, if it is a dull, troubled world, at least for most of us there is

"A child's white face to kiss at night,
A woman's smile by candlelight,"

and go to bed with a feeling that in some way you ought to pray, if only the prayer of Tiny Tim—

"God bless us—every one!"